The Traveller, Family Journal,

AND

TIMES AND SPIRIT OF THE LIFE IN NEW-YORK

BY CHARLES J. B. FISHER,
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OF "THE TRAVELLER" & "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

Sports of the Turf.

LIST OF RACES TO COME.

NEW YORK RACES

Will commence over the UNION COURSE this Spring, on Monday, May 27, 1833, and continue at least four days.

During the week will come off the following Sweepstakes, Matches, and Races:

A Sweepstakes—Four Miles out—Entrance $1000. The following are the subscribers to this splendid stakes, amounting to twelve thousand dollars.

1. William R. Johnson, Blue Beard, out of Coquette by Medley. 2. Walter Livingston, Terror out of Lady Lightfoot by Eclipse. 3. John D. Amiss, the Full Brother to Henry.

Also a Match Race—Mile Heats—For 2000 dollars a side, between Mr. J. C. Craig's Colt, Charles Kemble, full brother to Pilot, and Captain Stockton's colt out of Iris by Monsieur Tonson.

Also a Produce Sweepstakes—Mile Heats—Entrance 500 dollars.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. C. Craig,	produce of	Coquette by Medley
2. H. Wilkes,	do	Saluda by Medley
3. F. P. Corbin,	do	Powanesy by Medley
4. Walter Livingston,	do	Romp by Eclipse
5. J. C. Stevens,	do	Jenette by Eclipse
6. William Gibbons,	do	Meg Dods by Monsieur Tonson
7. Robert Stevens,	do	Lalla Rookh by Eclipse

Also a Produce Sweepstakes—Mile Heats—Entrance 300 Dollars.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Charles Green, produce of L. Lightfoot by Eclipse
2. Robert Stevens, do Cinderella by Henry
3. James Bathgate, do Medora's dam by Eclipse
4. J. S. Stoddart, do Garland Mare by Eclipse
5. William Jones, do Elenor by De Witt Clinton
6. William Gibbons, do Ala in by Eclipse

Also a Match—Two Mile Heats—for 1000 dollars, between Robin Hood and De Witt Clinton.

A Match—Mile Heats—between an Eclipse and a Winter Arabian.

Proprietor's Purse,	$300	Two Mile Heats	
Jockey Club Purse,	$800	Four Mile Heats	
A Purse,	$400	Three Mile Heats	

Thus it will be seen, that Stakes, Matches, and Purses to be run for, this Spring Meeting, over the New York Course, amount to the handsome sum of 25,000 Dollars.

Whether we look to the amount to be run for, or the number of fine Horses expected to come in competition from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, there can be no doubt, that, to the lovers of the manly amusement of Course Racing, New York presents an attraction, this spring, never before in America. ALEX. L. BOTTS.

May 29—*Marion Course*, Alabama.
Sweepstakes—4 entered.

June 6—*Poughkeepsie Races*, Dutchess county
FIRST DAY.
At 12 o'clock, Sweepstakes for three year old Colts Mile heats—for $300 each, $100 forfeit,—nine subscribers.

At 2 o'clock, two mile heats—purse,	$200
SECOND DAY,	
At 2 o'clock, three mile heats—purse	$300
THIRD DAY,	
At 2 o'clock, four mile heats—purse	$500

June 11—*Lawrenceville Races*, Va.—3 days.
FIRST DAY.
A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, $100 entrance, h. f. four or more to make a race.
SECOND DAY,
Proprietor's Purse $250, entrance $15, two mile heats.
THIRD DAY,
Jockey Club Purse $500, $20 entrance, four mile heats.
Immediately after this race, an elegant saddle, bridle, &c. will be hung up to be run for.

July 4—*Tallahassee Course*, Florida.
Sweepstakes—3 year old Colts.
(List closes at date above.)

The trotting at the Hunting Park Course has been postponed until Wednesday, and Thursday, the 22d and 23d inst.

1st day, 2 mile heats for a purse of $200
2d day, 3 mile heats, 300.
Philadelphia Gazette.

THE MAD MAJOR.

OR, THE BEGGARS OF MULLINGAR.

When the gallant 50th regiment (better known by the name of the 'Dirty half-hundred,' from the black facings of their uniform,) were removed to Mullingar, it was supposed that this town contained a greater number of beggars than any in the king's dominions; a swarm of paupers rendered the streets almost impassable, and ingress or egress to or from a shop was occasionally impracticable. Now beggars were to the 'Mad Major' an abomination; and for two days he ensconced himself in his lodgings rather than encounter the mendicants of Mullingar. Confinement will increase bile, and bile may induce gout, and at last, wearied of captivity, he sallied forth, and to every application for relief, he specified an early day, requesting the numerous applicants to be punctual to the appointed time.—His wish was faithfully attended to, and on the expected morning the street where he resided was literally blocked up. The Major, under a volley of blessings, appeared at the hall-door: 'Are you all here?' he inquired, in accents of the tenderest compassion. 'All, your honour!—all, young and *ould*!' responded a big beggarman. 'We're all here, Colonel *acourneen*,' exclaimed a red vamper, 'but my own poor man *Briany Balclough*, and he, the *crature*, fell into the fire a Sunday night, and him hearty, and sorrow a stir he can make good or bad.'—'Ah, then,' said the commander, 'why should poor *Brien* be left out?' 'Arrah! run yourself and bring the cripple to us!' In a twinkling off went the red vamper, and after a short absence, issued from a neighbouring lane with *Briany* on her shoulders. 'Are ye all here now?' inquired the tender-hearted chieftain. 'Every single soul of us,' said the old woman in reply; 'Ogh! that the light of heaven may shine on his honour's dying hour, but it's he that's tinder to the poor.'—'Amen, sweet Janie!' responded a hundred voices! 'Silence!' said the Mad Major, as he produced a small book, neatly bound in red morocco.—'Whisht, your sowls!' cried the big beggarman.—'Are ye listening?'—'*Sha, sha!* Yes, yes!' was responded in English and Irish.—'Then by the contents of this blessed book, and it's the bible, a rap I won't give one of ye, you infernal vagabonds, if I remitted a tu-thousandth in Mullingar.' A yell of execration followed; the Major bore the cursing like a philosopher, and kept his oath like a monk. To the surprise of all, the beggars left the way when he walked out, and ascended from the shop he entered. They crossed themselves devoutly if they encountered him unexpectedly at a corner, adjuring the Lord to stand between them, the Mad Major, and the Devil!—*Wild Sports of the West.*

Be Easy—A French gentleman, totally unacquainted with the English language, being introduced into a circle of young ladies and gentlemen of the west, after the usual compliments had passed, seated himself beside a beautiful young lady, and being deprived of the satisfaction of conversing with her, he seized her by the hand, and began to caress by his looks, the emotion of his heart. She repressed him to be easy, which he mistaking for the French word *baise*: (kiss me) began kissing her, to the great mirth of the company. The consequence was, that the ladies came to the unanimous determination always to say 'be easy,' to a Frenchman.

THE UGLY LOVER

How lucky is you silly fop,
Though ugly is the elf—
He has no rival in his love,
For why?—he loves himself!

ALBERT.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

"It came upon him in the noontide light,
Fell as the Simoon breath, and all was night,
'Father, he cried, I bend me to thy will
Maim—crush, or blast—but love—O! love me still.
Jehovah smiled upon the humbled thane,
Pardoned his faults, and all was light again."
Whitehead.

In a small town to the eastward lived a young man whom we shall, for private reasons, call Albert, of sober life, and industrious habits. His profession was that of an accountant: he was esteemed very handsome; had very brilliant eyes, which were admired by all the fair ones, young and old; many a sigh was heaved as he passed, and many a throb felt when he threw around his darts in an evening coterie, and various were the conquests of the man with the brilliant eyes, of which, by the way, he was not a little proud. He was, at last, captivated by the fair Lucy—a beautiful and amiable girl of nineteen. In process of time, she became as "ladies wish to be who love their lords;" and about this interesting period, *Albert* was one night suddenly seized with cramp in the stomach, which as suddenly changed to his head. He awoke Lucy and begged her to get a light, which she hastily did: when she re-entered the apartment, he said, in a tone made peculiarly pain, 'Lucy, why did you return without a light?' 'My love,' she replied, "I have brought one," and she held the lamp towards the bed. "Bring it to me then, for I see it not." She now put it near to his face, when he exclaimed, "I feel the heat, but see not the light! my eyesight is gone—I am blind, and all is darkness." True it was, that by some singular operation of nature, his eyesight was thus in a moment taken from him—his eyeballs refused their office and were dead to all visual objects. In the meantime, the offspring of mutual love was ushered into life. "Toss'd on this troubled sea," he heard its bumbike cries, but saw not the sweet mouth from which they issued: he clasped the dear infant to his breast, and covered its innocent face with kisses, but he beheld not the features which were his own. Time rolled on, and though in darkness, a kind of holy calm stole over him, from the belief that his little one was a blessing sent to cheer him in his sorrow. The gentle *Lucy* tended him with more than common care, and sought by the most delicate assiduities to alleviate his privations and misfortune. What cannot the soft power of woman achieve! In prosperity she is the spirit of joy, in affliction a ministering angel. She is the pure type of virtue, fresh from the hand of God, till broken, soiled, and cast upon the waste by the destroying hand of man—eternally at war with that power in whose likeness he stands—but to crush and stain all that is fair in nature. *Albert* was an exception, he felt the truth and his heart rejoiced in *Lucy* and his babe. Dearly attached to each other and their little nestling, they fancied they were happy; but alas! how short-lived is happiness! They hoped their joy would last—alas! false hope! their wants were few, but the world's medium, the dross, the trash that misery clings and worldlings toil for—the devil that beguiles men of their souls, and seals the contract with perdition, was fast passing away. Yet their expences increased, while the fond wife fed the poor dark husband forth to taste the air, a nurse was of necessity engaged to attend the child, and nameless et ceteras pressed hard upon the slender purse. Amid the gloom of circumstances, *Lucy* often led her heart's dear love and charge through the surrounding woods (and to the spot where first their early vows were told, there would she hang upon his neck and weep,) and along the beach—he heard the thots and living sounds, but saw not the fresh bud, the leafy beauty; he heard the plashing of the waters, but contemplated not the wave, with its crest of foam. He inhaled the fragance of the flowers, but perceived not their opening beauties—the winds of winter howled, and the deep snows covered the earth; he felt the influence of the storm, but beheld not the white flakes as they fell and were ecloured.

The chill of poverty now crept on; but though their comforts were abridged, and privations demanded, which to many would be better, yet it warped not his nature, cowed not his temper; but resigned, though somewhat melancholy, he was incessant in attention to his religious duties, and he proudly clung to God and his Redeemer, and forgot not that "he chastens whom he loves."

The world's goods and gear of this bereaved and stricken family now consisted only of the household furniture, and that, alas! of the little splendor which once adorned their dwelling in better times. The small stock of jewelry and ornaments that in the early days of love were presented to Lucy, were all gone; and the patient wife had applied for needlework, whereby to obtain the means of present life, and the following day was appointed for the commencement of her task. It was now evening, and Lucy seemed nervous and uneasy; an unaccountable anxiety held her as by a spell; the household affairs appeared to accumulate, the rooms were trayersed without any evident purpose, and she frequently opened the door as if in expectation of some one's approach.

The day was departing as she looked, for the last time, through the window; the sun was setting in a sea of blood, and as she closed the shutters upon the scene and the fading light, she felt as if some unaccountable change was about to take place. Her mind was troubled and she knew not why; there was a chaos of hopes, of doubts and fears—the very ooh of day seemed to leave the world in anger, and with his last red glare, gave token of a change in nature. Their scanty meal was finished; the embers were fast dying away, and, after a prayer of more than usual earnestness, the dark man and his faithful wife retired to rest, and slumber fell upon their eyelids.

At the very same hour, he was attacked precisely in the same way that he had been eighteen months before; he groaned heavily, and *Lucy* instantly struck a light, when he suddenly exclaimed, "You have got a light!"

"Yes dear *Albert!* but how know you that?" said she, running to the bed.

"Great God!" he cried, "it is here! my eyesight has returned in the very same way by which it left me. I see the light and I am happy!"

Almost convulsively he took the lamp, examined the features of his babe, kissed the lips which smiled even in sleep unconscious of the blessed event, folded his wife to his bosom, who wept for joy, and sunk in silent adoration before his God, who wounds but to heal.

M.

An Euthanasia—An old lady, residing not far from Exeter, was perhaps one of the most brilliant examples of conjugal tenderness that the last century produced. Her husband had long been dying, and at length, on the Clergyman of the parish making one of his daily visits he found him dead. The disconsolate widow in giving him an account of her spouse's last moments, told him her "poor dear man kept groaning and groaning but he could not die; at last," said she, "I recollected I had got a piece of new tape in the drawer, so I took some of that and tied it as tight as I could round his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger, and poor dear! *he went off like a lamb.*"

A Capital Joke—A nobleman's footman, in Hampshire, to whom two years wages were due, demanded them, and gave notice to quit his place. The master enquired the reason, when the knight of the shoulder-knot said, "That he and a fellow-servant were about to set up a country bank, and wanted the wages for *capital*!"

For the Traveller and Times.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLE.

OR A KNOCK UP AMONG THE LADIES.

On Thursday morning, in Orange street, Miss Susan Delaney, and Miss Catherine Flaherty, happening to entertain antipodical opinions, touching the fashion of a new cap, agreed to refer the matter to the decision of their nails and knuckles, and accordingly tucking up their sleeves to their shoulders, prepared for action.

Sukey was a little squat, square built, dowdy, bit of a body, about four feet perpendicular, and with such a spacious set of *trotters to boot* that it became a matter of some speculation among the by standers as to whether it would be an easier job to knock her up, if she was down, or down when she was up. Miss Catty had rather the advantage in altitude, but then she was more circumscribed about the *understanding* which balanced this advantage, so that on the whole, tho' somewhat singular in their individual appearance they appeared to be a very well matched pair.

Round First, there was more science than hard knocks, each of the ladies appearing to be in doubt as to which was the best mode of attack; at length, however, Sukey made up her mind, and placed such a proof of her resolution on the bridge of her antagonists nose, as sent her head over heels into the channel.

Round Second, Kate came to the scratch apparently bent on satisfaction. Sukey, however, nothing daunted, seconded her former *resolution*, and poor Kitty was again forced to content herself with lodgings in the gutter. *(Lets three to one on Sue)*

Round Third, Miss Flaherty proved to every body's satisfaction, that knocking her down, was not the readiest method of *knocking her up*, for like the Hero of Lucan, she appeared to acquire fresh strength, and courage, every time she kissed her mother earth, while on the other hand, her dowdy antagonist's strength seemed to have partially evaporated through her knuckles in the two first blows, for after a few counter hits, she received something more than an *optical delusion* right between her two eyes, and the next moment, in spite of the expanse of her foundations, there was not the space of a midge's wing, between poor Sukey Delaney's head and the pavement.

Round Fourth, both ladies seemed willing to pay a respectful but somewhat distant deifference to the potency of each other's knuckles, until a wag in the crowd observed it was time they were *going*, as they were evidently beat to a *stand still*.

This again roused their blood to the boiling, and at it they went. Kitty's cap was the first martyr to the efficacy of Susan's tallons, a tortoise-shell comb followed, accompanied by three or four hands full of hair which however fortunately belonged to a false front, her pellerine next made its disappearance, and finally she made her disappearance herself, at leastby a sudden lurch she lost her equilibrium on the threshold of an oyster cellar, and down she went to the bottom, with Susan along with her. Nor did Kitty, all this while prove herself an apprentice in the management of her manders; at the first close she left an impression in Miss D's black bat, and red ribbon, that it would require nothing short of a miracle, to efface again. She next tried her handy work, on a green veil which was soon discovered to be made of any thing in the world rather than leather, and she was just proving the texture of a cambric frill, when she, and her equally industrious antagonist made their exit into the cellar.

Round Fifth, they were up and doing as merry as ever, and to mend the matter, the good lady of the basement, taking such an unwarrantable use of her apartment in dudgeon, began to perform wonders with the end of her broomstick. Nancy Davidson, and Felicia Twist, the two seconds of the fair combatants, indignant at the summary interference on the part of the oyster woman, jumped *over each others heads* into the kitchen, and joined the ring.

Then for it—pots, and pans, onions and gingerbread, cups and tuckers, oysters and apple-tarts, flew about in all directions. Five or six unfortunate gentlemen, who happened to be regaling at the time, were obliged to put up with a share of all that was going on. One of them had the point of his nose very ingeniously sliced off with the lid of a mustard pot, this however was rather an improvement to what was left behind as it had been long remarkable for its superfluities. Two others in attempting to take refuge in the closet upset a vessel of house-hold waters, and were all but carried away in the flood. A fourth, sought for safety under the bed, but found it missing, for besides the locating of his arm, to the elbow, in a place not worth the mentioning, a pet cat, who had taken on herself the superintendence of that division of the establishment, wrote in very legible characters on his face the nature of his reception: in short, the only one who escaped with anything like impunity, was a natty little gentleman who had the unspeakable good fortune to be packed up in a very small compass, for taking advantage of the confusion, he cunningly slipped into an empty churn, and lay snugly at the bottom till the bustle was over.

Still the ladies were at it, ding, dong, measuring their operations with a chorus of eloquence that would have fairly drowned the vocalities of a kettle of Harriers. Nancy Davidson and Felicia Twist soon proved their courage and industry to be *ne plus ultra*, for in less than two minutes, from the commencement, their heads were as free from the encumbrance of cap, or bonnet, as if they were apart of *sup*-annuated barber's wig blocks. She of the cellar too carried her share of the glories of the day around her, which were chiefly manifest about the eyes and nose—Miss Flaherty was all but exhilarated, and even the little lady of the flat foot, besides some very interesting arrangements, in the fashion of her wardrobe, was fairly converted into a very respectable second edition of "Black eyed Sue."

By this time half a score of watchmen were attracted to the battle ground, when, after meeting with a very unqualified reception, particularly about the shins, and ancles from the pumps of the fair, but decapitated groupe they succeeded in escorting them to a certain *house of amusement* up town where they were taken especial care of till morning.

EXTRAORDINARY INDIAN CEREMONY.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

The following extraordinary account of an Indian ceremony is related by Mr. Catlin who was an eye witness last summer in one of the Mandan villages. The object is to propitiate the favor of the "Great Spirit" especially in hunting by doing penance for the sins of the preceding season. We extract it from Thatcher's Indian Traits.

In the centre of this village, (says our traveller,) is a circular area of one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, which is kept vacant for all public ceremonies. One of the lodges fronting this circle is called the *Medicin-Lodge*, being seventy-five feet in diameter, and never opened except for the performance of some of their mysteries or *medicine*.

On the morning of the day previous to the commencement of these ceremonies, there appears on the prairies, at a distance, a man whom they all recognise as (Nu-mohk-mucka-mah) *the first or only man*, who by slow degrees approaches and enters the village with a great deal of form and parade, as if he had just arrived from the West. His body is painted red, his robe is of four white wolf-skins, his head-dress of two raven-skins, and in his hand he holds a pipe of huge dimensions. At his approach the medicine-lodge is thrown open, and prepared by covering the floor of it with the branches of green willow, perfuming it with the most fragrant herbs which can be collected, and placing in several parts of it a curious display of buffalo and human skulls. During this preparation he visits every lodge in the village, and demands from every one a knife or other edged tool, which is readily given to the sacrificed, for he says, 'with these things the great canoe (the Ark) was built.' These articles are kept in the medicine-lodge until the ceremonies are over, and they are then sacrificed by throwing them into the water.

At sun-rise on the following morning, the First Man opens and enters the medicine-lodge. After him follow a number of young men, who are to do penance by inflicting tortures upon their own persons. They are almost entirely naked, and their bodies painted with clay—some yellow, some white, and some red. Each one brings with him his arms and medicine or *charm*—the first consisting of his bow and quiver, shield, or arrow-fencer, lance, &c. and the latter, of the skins of animals or birds, dried, stuffed, and ornamented in a variety of ways. These are suspended over the heads of their appropriate owners, who lie at equal distances around the sides of the lodge. Soon after enters the conductor of the ceremonies, his body painted yellow, a leather apron or girdle about his loins, and his cap of white buffalo-skin. He receives the large pipe from the other, who leaves the lodge and immediately returns again to the West, and does not again make his approach until the next annual celebration. This man, after receiving the pipe, is considered the greatest medicine-man in the village, and is master of the ceremonies during the occasion. He takes charge of the lodge, remaining in it four days and nights without eating or drinking, (during the whole of which time he is crying and wailing at a most hideous rate) and strictly guarding the penitents, who are under his care, and not allowed to leave the lodge, or to partake of food or drink.

During the three first days there are a great variety of dances, and curious songs, performed in front of the medicine-lodge, by persons fantastically dressed and painted for the purpose, around a curb of six feet in diameter, and ten feet in height, which stands in front of the medicine-lodge, containing some of their most sacred medicines, and preserved as the symbol of the Ark or 'great canoe.' On the first day they dance four times, on the second, eight; on the third, twelve; and on the fourth day sixteen times.

The principal actors in these scenes are eight men, naked—their bodies painted black—with a buffalo-skin, with horns on, thrown over them; their bodies in a horizontal position, and a wreath of willows in each hand as they perform the 'buffalo dance;' next, two men, naked—their bodies painted black—with the skin of a grisly bear thrown over them, intended to represent that animal: two boys, naked—their bodies and faces black, and spotted with white, representing the sky or firmament: two boys,—naked bodies, and faces red, with stripes of white, up and down, representing ghosts: two men, naked—bodies black, and heads white, representing the bald eagle: a great number of boys—bodies yellow, head and feet white, called *cabri* or antelope: and finally, four very aged men, with sacks of water on which they beat with a stick, in time with the other music. These sacks are made of the skin of the buffalo's neck, in the form of a large tortoise, which they admirably represent; each containing several gallons of water, which has been kept tightly enclosed in them from time immemorial, and which, from their veneration, they cannot venture to change. Two men, with a rattle in each hand, violently shaken, as an accompaniment to their voices, make all the music for a variety of strange dances and manœuvres too numerous to mention.

On the third day, and during these dancing scenes, the whole village appears to be suddenly thrown into the greatest consternation by the appearance of a man who is running about on the prairie, apparently in great trouble, and gradually approaching the village, which he at length enters, running through every part of it as if he were in great distress. His body is entirely naked, and painted black; his face frightfully indented with white and red; and in hand is a long rod or wand painted white. He is called the *Evil Spirit*. He runs into the lodges and out again with the greatest eagerness, as if intent upon some mischief, but is as often driven back by the great medicine-pipe of the master of ceremonies, who continually thrusts it between him and the females who are running and screaming for protection. His wand is wrested from him at length, and the village again restored to tranquility.

On the fourth day a scene is enacted by the penitents, compared to which all that has passed before is mere pastime. Exhausted by fasting and thirsting for four days and nights, one of these poor fellows walks to near the centre of the lodge. There resting upon his knees, with his head inclined downwards, he submits to the operation of those appointed to perform these acts of cruelty.—They take up between the thumb and finger, an inch and a half of skin and flesh, with a portion of muscle, on the back side of each shoulder, and force a large dull knife through it. After this is withdrawn, splints, of the size of a man's thumb, are forced through them, to which are attached a couple of cords, descending from the top of the lodge; and by these he is drawn up till his feet are nearly raised from the ground. In the same manner splints or arrows are put through the arms below the shoulder, below the elbow, on the thighs, and below the knees; and attached to these splints are his bow and quiver, his shield, his lance and medicine-bags, with several heads and horns of buffaloes.

He is now gradually raised by the cords until all these weights are free, and his feet six or seven feet above the ground. In this condition, with the blood flowing in streams from his hands and feet, he hangs in the most exquisite agony, uttering, in pitiful groans and cries, his earnest prayers to the Great Spirit to spare his life—to forgive his sins—and that he may be successful in battle, and always have buffalo in abundance for his subsistence. As soon as one is thus suspended, the same horrid operation is performed on others; and none of them were, in the case witnessed by Mr. Catlin, let down until all appearance of life had disappeared. They were then dropped upon the ground, and left to rise as they might.

When they were able to do this, they advanced to another part of the lodge, and sacrificed one, two or three fingers by laying them on the skull of a buffalo's head, to be struck off by a hatchet. They are then led out in front of the lodge with all their weights dragging after them, where, in the circular area, in presence of the whole village, a scene takes place of a still more appalling nature. Around their emblem of the ark a hundred or more young men, naked, holding each other by the hand, their bodies painted in all varieties of colors and curious forms, commence a circular movement with the greatest velocity possible, uniting their voices in the most piercing yells of lamentation. Outside of this circle are led the bleeding penitents, each one with an athletic man on each side of him, who take them by a leathern thong fastened around the wrist, and running round with all speed violently urge them forward, until, from weakness and exhaustion they begin to falter, and at length sink down into the dirt. There they are still dragged until all appearance of life is gone, for the second time.

While lying in this condition many fine presents of robes, guns, and even horses, are brought and placed by them. These their squaws stand ready to carry off; but the sufferers themselves are left to recover their senses and return home without the slightest assistance from their friends.

THE FOLLOWING SINGULAR WILL WAS PROVED IN THE DEARNT COURT AT YORK, IN OCT. 1772.

This is my last will,
I insist on it still,
So sneer on and welcome,
And e'en laugh your fill.

I William Hickington,
Poet of Pocklington,
Do give and bequeath,
As true as I breathe,
To thee, Mary Jarsun,
The queen of my Hearun,
My cash and cattle,
With every chattle,
To have and to hold,
Come heat or come cold,
Sans brandrance or strife,
(Though thou'rt not my wife)
As witness my hand,
Just here as I stand,
This 12th of July,
In the year seven-ty.

W. HICKINGTON.

Curious discovery of stolen Property.—On Monday last, a man named Bennett, stopped at a public house in Battle, with a horse and chaise. He was very much intoxicated, and on the hostler observing a quantity of silver loose in the bottom of the gig, he communicated the circumstance to the landlord, who, to prevent his being robbed, persuaded him to bring his money into the house. It proved to be a large quantity of old coin, principally 3s. and 1s. of Bank tokens, to the amount of £25. 4; and several little boxes with trinkets, as well as a watch and pair of silver buckles, were also missed with the money, which had been enclosed in a canvass bag that had evidently been under water, on that it was rotten and had burst. Suspicion was excited, a constable sent for, and the man taken into custody.—The property was next day identified very satisfactorily by a Mr. Ripley, who lives at Hellingly, and who was robbed on the 28th of January last by some person entering his house when he was absent in the day-time. As he stated that he had lost, in addition to the articles recovered, about £100 more in new silver coin, in the same state as when he had it in exchange for oil, about sixteen years ago, a warrant was obtained, and the lodgings of the prisoner, at New Romney, were searched, when the bag and £53 of the silver were found, together with old bills paid, and articles purchased to a considerable amount, on the 2d and 3d of February last. Bennett was fully committed for trial by the Magistrates, at their sitting at Battle, on Tuesday, the 14th inst. It is remarkable that the prosecutor, who, it appears, is of a rather penurious disposition, had been robbed twice before within these ten years, to the amount of £1,000 in gold and silver coin, and, from circumstances which have transpired, there is little doubt that the prisoner has been the offender in this instance.—*Brighton Gazette.*

THE SHIPWRECKED TAR

The night was dark, the bleak wind roar'd
And scarce a glimm'ring star was seen,
I left the land, and went on board
Where many a braver man had been

The vessel struck, and all on deck
Were hurried to their fatal bed,
I held a board, and braved the wreck,
Till every hope of 'scape had fled,

Then plunging in the boisterous sea,
I trusted to the gentle main,
And what do you think became of me,
Why here I am on land again.

Mr Editor—I can *sware* this is quite Original, for I composed it. Y. Z.

* So in the Original.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

Natty-cal Reminiscences—A colonial spicy.

Cuffee.—Gor bless my stars Sambo, how do you do?

Sambo.—Whoya Cuff, is dis you, gar-a-make, I no seen you dis long time, tink ye dead, where you live now Cuff?

Cuff.—Bosson.

Sam.—Ah, you live in *Bosson*.

Cuff.—Yes, a-not-a-*zackly* Bosson, 'bout ten miles out.

Sam.—What you up to now days, Cuff?

Cuff.—Oh I work at my trade.

Sam.—Ah, you got *trade!*

Cuff.—Yes, very good trade too.

Sam.—What trade is him?

Cuff.—Carpenter en Jouner.

Sam.—What, you got carpenter en joiners trade?

Cuff.—Yes, or-a-not a-*zackly* carpenter en jouner, but-a-*sau de wood* for de genteelmen. But where *you* live Sambo?

Sam.—Oh, I live in Bosson too-a-not-a-*zackly* in Bosson, 'bout *fifteen* miles out.

Cuff.—What you pon dare?

Sam.—Work at my trade most de time.

Cuff.—Why, you no got trade too? 'what *your* trade be?

Sam.—Tanner en Currier, or-a-not-a-*zackly* tanner and currier, but a-*chausia boots and shoes* for de genteelmen.

A Traveller Posed.—"Humboldt," said a certain Captain in the West Middlesex Militia, "Humboldt is an over-rated man: there is very little in him, and he knows nothing of geography." "How! that celebrated traveller know nothing of geography?" No more than any black terrier there, Sir. I once met him at the Russian Ambassador's at Paris, and put him to the proof. As long as he was talking about the *Andes* and the *Cordilleras*, and places which nobody but himself had ever heard of, he carried it all his own way, but the moment I put a straight-forward question to him which any schoolboy might have answered, he was floored. 'Now, Baron,' said I—taking him by surprise—'Now, Baron, can you tell me where *Turnham Green* is?' —*I pun-nyhonor* he knew no more about it than I know about Jericho."

A person named Porter being very drunk, a friend asked him what he had been about. "Only turning a little *Gin* into *Porter*," he replied.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Fermoy, though now so pretty and so clean a town, was once as poor and as dirty a village as any in Ireland. It had neither great barracks, grand church nor buzzing Schools. Two storied houses were but few: its street—for it had but one—was chiefly formed of miserable mud cabins: nor was the fine scenery around sufficient to induce the traveller to tarry in its paltry inn, beyond the limits actually required.

In those days it happened that a regiment of foot was proceeding from Dublin to Cork. One Company, which left Cahir in the morning, had, with "toilsome march," passed through Mitchelstown, tramped across the Kilworth mountains, and, late of an October evening, tired and hungry, reached Fermoy, the last stage but one of their quarters.—No barracks were then built there to receive them; and every voice was raised, calling to the gaping villagers for the name and residence of the billet-master.

"Why, then, can't you be easy now, and let a body tell you," said one. "Sure, then, how can I answer you all at once?" said another. "Aman!" cried a third, affecting not to understand the sergeant who addressed him. "Is it Mr. Consadine you want?" replied the fourth, answering one question by asking another. "Bad luck to the whole breed of sogers!" muttered a fifth villager—"it's come to eat poor people that work for their bread out of house and home you are." "Whisht, Teigue, can't you now!" said his neighbor, jogging the last speaker; "there's the house, gentlemen—you see it there yonder forenent you, at the bottom of the street, with the light in the window; or stay, myself would think little of running down with you, poor creatures! for 'tis tired and weary you must be after the road." "That's an honest fellow," said several of the dust covered soldiers; and away scampered Ned Flynn, with all the men of war following close at his heels.

Mr. Consadine, the billet-master was, as may be supposed, a person of some, and on such occasions as the present, of great consideration in Fermoy. He was of a portly build, and of a grave and slow movement, suited at once to his importance and his size. Three inches of fair linen were at all times visible between his waistband and waistcoat. His breeches pockets were never buttoned: and scorning to conceal the bull-like proportions of his chest and neck, his collar was generally open, as he wore no cravat. A flaxen bob wig commonly sat fairly on his head and squarely on his forehead, and an *ecclesia* pen was stuck behind his ear.—Such was Mr. Consadine; billet-master-general, barony sub-constable and deputy-clerk of the sessions, who was now just getting near the end of his eighth tumbler in company with the proctor, who at that moment had begun to talk of coming to something like a fair settlement about his tythes, when Ned Flynn knocked.

"See who's at the door, Nelly," said the eldest Miss Consadine, raising her voice, and calling to the barricaded servant girl.

"'Tis the *sogers*, sir, is come!" cried Nelly, running back into the room without opening the door; "I hear the *jingeling* of their swords and *bagnets* on the paving stones."

"Never welcome them at this hour of the night," said Mr. Consadine, taking up the candle, and moving off to the room on the opposite side of the hall which served him for an office.

Mr. Consadine's own pen and that of his son Tom were now in full employment. The officers were sent to the inn; the sergeants, corporals, &c. were billeted on those who were on indifferent terms with Mr. Consadine; for, like a worthy man, he leaned as light as he could on his friends.

The soldiers had nearly all departed for their quarters, when one poor fellow, who had fallen a sleep, leaning on his musket against the wall, was awakened by the silence, and, starting up, he went over to the table at which Mr. Consadine was seated, hoping his worship would give him a good billet.

"A good billet, my lad," said the billet-master-general, barony sub-constable, and deputy-clerk of the sessions—"that you shall have, and on the biggest house in the place. Do you hear Tom! make out a billet for this man upon Mr. Barry of Cairn Thierna."

"On Mr. Barry of Cairn Thierna?" said Tom with surprise.

"Yes; on Mr. Barry of Cairn Thierna—the great Barry," replied his father giving a nod, and closing his right eye slowly, with a semi-drunken wink.—"Is not he said to keep the grandest house in this part of the country?—so stay, Tom, just hand me over the paper and I'll write the billet myself."

The billet was made out accordingly: the sand glittered on the signature and broad flourishes of Mr. Consadine, and the weary grenadier received it with becoming gratitude and thanks. Taking up his knapsack and firelock, he left the office, and Mr. Consadine waddled back to the proctor to chuckle over the trick that he played the soldier, and to laugh at the idea of his search after Barry of Cairn Thierna's house.

Truly had he said no house civic in capacity with Mr. Barry's; for, like Alfanso Dale's, its roof was

"The blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale."

Barry of Cairn Thierna was one of the chieftains who, of old, lorded it over the barony of Barrymore, and for some reason or other he had become enchanted on the mountain of Cairn Thierna, where he was known to live in great state, and was often seen by the belated peasant.

Mr. Consadine had informed the soldier that Mr. Barry lived a little way out of the town, on the Cork road; so the poor fellow trudged along for some time, with eyes right and eyes left, looking for the great house; but nothing could he see, only the dark mountain of Cairn Thierna before him, and an odd cabin or two on the road side. At last he met a man, of whom he asked the way to Mr. Barry's.

"To Mr. Barry's?" said the man; "what Barry is it you want?"

"I can't say exactly in the dark," returned the soldier. "Mr. What-sha-name, the billet master, has given me the direction on my billet; but he said it was a large house, and I think he called him the great Mr. Barry."

"Why, sure, it would'nt be the great Barry of Cairn Thierna you are asking about?"

"Av," said the soldier, "Cairn Thierna—that's the very place; can you tell me where it is?"

"Cairn Thierna," repeated the man; "Barry of Cairn Thierna—I'll show you the way and welcome, but it's the first time in all my born days that ever I heard of a soldier being billeted on Barry of Cairn Thierna. 'Tis surely a queer thing for old Dick Consadine to be after sending you there, continued he, "but you see that big mountain before you—that's Cairn Thierna. Any one will show you Mr. Barry's when you get to the top of it, up to the big heap of stones."

The weary soldier gave a sigh as he walked forward towards the mountain: but he had not proceeded far when he heard the clatter of a horse coming along the road after him, and turning his head round, he saw a dark figure rapidly approaching him. A tall gentleman, richly dressed, and mounted on a noble gray horse, was soon at his side, when the rider pulled up, and the soldier repeated his inquiry after Mr. Barry's of Cairn Thierna.

"I'm Barry of Cairn Thierna," said the gentleman; "what's your business with me, friend?"

"I've got a billet on your house, sir," replied the soldier, from the billet master of Fermoy."

"Have you, indeed?" said Mr. Barry; "Well then, it is not very far off; follow me, and you shall be well taken care of."

He turned off the road, and led his horse up the steep side of the mountain, followed by the soldier, who was astonished at seeing the horse proceed with so little difficulty, where he was obliged to scramble up, and could hardly find or keep his footing. When they got to the top there was a house sure enough, far beyond any house in Fermoy. It was three stories high, with fine windows, and all lighted up within, as if it was full of grand company. There was a hall door, too, with a flight of stone steps before it, at which Mr. Barry dismounted, and the door was opened to him by a servant man, who took his horse round to the stable.

Mr. Barry, as he stood at the door, desired the soldier to walk in, and instead of sending him down to the kitchen, as any other gentleman would have done, brought him into the parlor, and desired to see his billet.

"Ay," said Mr. Barry looking at it and smiling, "I know Dick Consadine well—he's a merry fellow and has got some excellent cows on the inch field of Carrackabrick; a sirloin of good beef is no bad thing for supper.

Mr. Barry then called out to some of his attendants, and desired them to lay the cloth, and make all ready, which was no sooner done than a smoking sirloin of beef was placed before them.

"Sit down, now, my honest fellow," said Mr. Barry, "you must be hungry after your long day's march."

The soldier, with a profusion of thanks for such hospitality, and acknowledgements for such condescension sat down, and made, as might be expected, an excellent supper: Mr. Barry never letting his jaws rest for want of helping until he was fairly done. Then the boiling water was brought in, and such a jug of whiskey punch was made, there was no faulting it.

They sat together a long time, talking over the punch, and the fire was so good, and Mr. Barry himself was so good a gentleman, and had such fine converse about every thing in the world, far or near, that the soldier never felt the night going over him. At last Mr. Barry stood up, saying it was a rule with him that every one in his house

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

THE TRAVELLER,
AND
SPIRIT OF THE TIMES,

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Merriment and Sport are the antidotes we propose for melancholy, but as every situation in life has its cares, it will be our endeavor to lighten those of our friends, by a copious mixture of amusement and mirth—yet so tempered, that while its exertion is to make sorrow smile, it shall never cause propriety to grieve.

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New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, May 18, 1833.

MAY.

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After short showers, and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild."—MILTON.

Human hope is all vanity. Last week we were promising ourselves, and the world a most magnificent month of it. We spent two hours and an half in composing a very melodious panygeric to May complimenting her on her fruits, and flowers, blue eyes, sunny smiles, and heaven knows what, hoping by a little flattery to put her in good humor for the rest of her journey. But the jade was not to be jilted: most probably she saw through our two "faces under a hood," for, after laughing at us for a day or two, she suddenly turned tail, and has been doing nothing but frowning and scolding, and throwing dirty water on us ever since.—Once or twice indeed, her ill temper got so much the better of her good nature, that she began to pummel us with thunder and lightning. However, like many other beauties, her passion rather enhanced the glow of her charms than otherways and after all she has done to us, we must acknowledge we have seldom seen an angry young lady to better advantage.

Perchance when the damsel grows older, she may become less unreasonable. We all know how difficult it is to keep on the sunny side of a *Miss in her teens*; and besides the young lady in question had been terribly bored by the farmers telling her in her infancy, that a Quaker's face, a dark brow, and a wet eye, would be more to the advantage of her dignity and their own profits than the sunny bacchanalian, laughter-loving countenance, she was beginning to assume. All this the lady took in dudgeon, and began to cry accordingly; and thus we have lost nearly a fortnight's sun, and heaven knows how many nosegays and kisses, and all for the advantage of such unpoetical articles as potatoes and bread.

Still, my dear girl, don't be down hearted: we love thee—even in thy tears we love thee: and tho' we cannot, like the *children of the East*, walk hand in hand with thee in pleasure, still we will bless thee in a ticipation of the bliss to come: and when thou art gone, we will remember thee in the roses of June, and when we weave a garland for our lady's tresses, we will call upon thee from thy heaven of beauty to propitiate the offering. Farewell my bonny girl; we only chid in jest, for thou art lovely with all thy imperfections—most lovely, and indeed vain were it in us to say otherwise, when the grateful world is teeming with thy praise, and all around is one jubilee of health, happiness, and prosperity

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

We are pleased to announce that this worthy and distinguished individual may visit our truly famed receptacle for talent, where "genius never sickened or fancy died;" whence, our West's, Irving's, our Payne's, Stuart's, and Leslie's emanated to win honors enduring and endurable. He will probably come—let him—but let us have, with all his overpowering enthusiasm, his splendid exposé of the Greek Drama. Let us have Sophocles and Euripedes, yea, even the Peter Pindar, Aristophanes, rendered unto us in their initimable works by a warm hearted Irishman, in overpowering English. We cordially invite Mr. Knowles to this land of the free, and assure him that as a lecturer, in which he has no compeer, he will elicit the attention, and command the admiration of the *elite*, and the approbation of the *general*. Let him come—let the author of Tell, Virginius, and the Hunchback, visit our shores. Let him depict the beauties of the Greek Dramatists. Let him enrapturedly descant upon the excellence of Maturin, and his character as a man, in his unparallelled lectures, and woe to those of the ancient *regime*—their big sleeves will suffer in the throng—this we fearlessly predict.

We trust Knowles will not play the actor but the lecturer—we know him, and well know that no man since the days of Ogilvie will so largely and gratifyingly draw upon the good taste of our community.

ACADEMY OF DESIGNS.

We particularly call the attention of our readers to the National Academy of Design. It has opened for the season, with a most splendid collection of paintings. We intend to be more diffuse on the subject next week. And in the interem strongly advise every one who chances to cast an eye over this paragraph, to attend the exhibition, and we know if they follow our advice, they will thank us for it.

MIDNIGHT.
A MOST MELANCHOLY ARTICLE.

Past twelve o'clock and a wet morning,—think the latter half of that's a lie any way—for we are as dry as a live eel in a frying pan. This is the hour when church yards yawn, and spirits walk abroad, so at least says Shakspeare, and truly we believe him, for every third man we meet is blind drunk.—Tis a beautiful hour for contemplation, and repose and—but oh! may every fury in Tarturus confound it, what the devil's this—here we are struck speechless to a dead certainty by the shock of a thunder bolt—eh? no, but nearly as bad, almost exfluncated by the confounded pillar of a *farthing lanthorn*. Call ye that Gas in the dirty glass case yonder? if so we beg pardon for the libel, but it looked so dim, and so distant, that we really mistook it for the planet Saturn, endeavoring to make himself as scarce as possible, under the sanction of a murky cloud. Do lighten our darkness we humbly beseech you most magnificent corporation, for we can assure you from personal conviction, that it's a very disagreeable thing for a young gentleman to be put to the trouble of leaving the *impression* of his nose behind him in a *cast iron lamp post*!

Now the street is nearly deserted—there is nothing to be heard but the deep snores of the *watchful guardians of the night*, pregnant with terror and alarm to all such worthless members of society as hate to hear the deep silence of the night invaded by the nassal groans of a drunken "bulky." And look yonder to the left, a sturdy "minion of the moon," making his exit from a parlour window with certain etceteras, which you will find enumerated in to-morrow's Courier, tucked carefully under his arm.

So let the pillaged wight go weep—
The thief ungalled stray—
For rogues must watch, while watchmen sleep
Thus runs the night away.

How now, what fiddling and squalling is this at the corner?—rogues keeping holliday we suppose—but no—it's neither more, nor less, than a poor devil of a dripping apprentice, singing serenades to his lady love. What an unmusical scoundrel he is: there would be more melody in the jingling of a calathumpian fish kettle. But soft he has done the business as well as though he had the Cremona and the skill of Paganini—Now the light glimmers in the casement!—now the sash is gently raised, by a hand as yet invisible!—now, he of the fiddle, is standing on the tiptoe of expectation, ready to bask in the *candle-light* of his lady's countenance!—and now, oh most horrible! the poor wretch is tumbling heels over head into the channel, nearly exterminated by the explosion of a *water spout* from the window!!! O! Father! father! what a stony hearted old rascal you must be, thus to damp the rapture of a poor young gentleman in its very hour of consummation, and with a flood too, which perchance, if the truth was known, would turn out to be but of very *doubtful character*.

Hark! the bell tolls one—the moon, grown yet more chilly with the nipping breezes of the morn, has betaken her to her rest, rolled up in a very shabby looking black mantle—the noses of the drowsy *centinels*, give yet more clamorous warning of the locations of their *dreaming proprietors*; and many a casement glides softly on their pullies, giving exit and entrance to the vigilant, nightly *superintendants* of public property. Even now we ourselves imbibe the contagion of the hour, and look about with gloomy joy for some spot in which to commence our depredations.

Tis now the very witching time of night
When ghosts, and players stagger home to bed,
Puffing segars about the world. O we could
drink hot punch,
And do such bitter business as the club
Would sigh to look at.
And thus, in the full current of our wrath
We'll dive within this painted sepulchre,
And eat some roasted oysters.

TRAVELLING ITEMS—No. 2.
FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

EASTERN TRAVELLING.—We stated in our last that the Water Witch would shortly commence running between Boston and Portland. It was so understood here; but it proves to be a mistake.—She has gone to Hartford, and will probably ply between that place and New York. So that we "down easters" will be compelled to put up with the old Chancellor Livingston, until the contemplated WEBSTER is completed, which will not be until the next season. The L. we however think fully equal to the old Connecticut. It is possible, however, that Capt. Porter will succeed in obtaining a boat in New York for this rout. We are inclined to think, that since the amalgamation on the North river, that some one of the boats might be spared us, and prove profitable to all concerned.

BOSTON OMNIBUS.—Two enterprising Bostonians have commenced running an *Omnibus*, brought all the way from your good city, between the hotel in Roxbury and the Winnesimmet Ferry, where there are two beautiful boats to convey passengers over to Chelsea, the "Hobomok of Boston." An excellent public house is kept at the former place, by a Mr. Glidden, which renders it quite a fashionable resort in warm weather.

HOTELS AT THE EAST.—We have several excellent hotels in Boston. The character of the Tremont House is as well known at the South as at the East. It is without exception the most magnificent edifice in the country. It is the resort of the fashionables from the South. The New England Coffee House, under the management of a brother of the gentleman who conducts the Tremont, is on a similar plan. It is an excellent house. The location is not however so desirable as several other houses in the city. The Exchange Coffee House, by *Hart Davenport*, is a well managed establishment, with a gentlemanly host, good fair and moderate charges. Then we have the Marlboro Hotel, by *Barker*, pleasantly situated on Washington street. The ordinary charge for gentlemen at the Tremont House, and the Marlboro' Hotel is $1 50 per day; most of the other houses charge but a dollar. The "Indian Queen" is a temperance house, as are also the Manufacturers Hotel and the Mansion House. More of hotels anon.

BOSTON AND PORTLAND.—The *Chancellor Livingston* continues to ply between Boston and Portland. She leaves Boston on Wednesday and Saturday at 5 P. M. and arrives in Portland the next morning at about 8 A. M. leaving Portland on Monday and Thursday at 7 P. M. The distance is about 120 miles—the fare three dollars and found. Capt. Weeks, the first officer, is an experienced and gentlemanly commander. A safe and rapid daily steamboat conveyance to Portland and Boston would doubtless meet with the most liberal support from travellers.

STAGES.—More stages arrive at and depart from Boston than any other town or city in the United States. It is estimated that the average is about *one hundred* daily.

A GUIDE TO TRAVELLERS.—The *Stage Register*, published once in two months by Messrs. Badger & Porter, will be found an excellent guide to a traveller in visiting the different New England states, and the state of New York. It furnishes every thing relative to the arrival and departure of stages, towns through which they pass, &c

Changes of Fashion.—Two centuries ago "Old Square toes" was the stigma attached to age and garulity, while in the present day square-toed shoes are the very height of juvenile dandyism.

BALTIMORE RACES.

BALTIMORE, 14th May, 1833.

The Spring Races, over the Central Course commenced this day with the four year old Sweepstakes. Entrance $500,—h. f. four mile heats,—six subscribers.

John C. Stevens' ch. c. Medoc,	- -	2	2	1 1
Col. Wm. Wynn's br. c. Anvil,	- -	3	1	2 2
Thos. D. Johnson's b. f. Florida,	-	1	2	dr —
J. M. Bott's b. c. Tobacconist,	- -	4	4	dr —
Wm. R. Johnson's full sister to Bertrand Junr.	} paid forfeit.			
J. Harrison's Sally Drake.	}			

Great quantity of rain has fallen within these few days and the track is consequently very heavy, so much so that the time of each heat much disappointed the backers of Medoc, who was decidedly the favorite at 2 to 1 against the field. On coming to the Post, "Anvil" was observed not to be in very first rate condition, and exhibited the remains of a heavy cold that materially influenced his running at Broad Rock,—he was also too fat, but his subsequent exertions proved him to be a first rate Nag,—the rest of the field were in fine condition and eagerly "straining ont he start."

1st Heat.—After one false start they set off in fine style, Medoc leading for the first half mile, when Florida came up, challenged, and past him, at a dashing pace. Florida continued to lead and gained distance on the horse at every stretch, till the last half of the fourth mile, when Medoc was put to his speed, and though so far behind that success seemed hopeless, he gained so quickly on the mare, that she only won the heat by about 3 lengths.

Time 8 37.

2d Heat.—Florida had risen greatly in the estimation of many of the unknowing ones, and much hedging took place, but at the start, "Tobacconist" took the lead and kept it through the first three miles, when "Anvil" came up,—took it from him, and came in on a canter,—leaving the other three far behind.

Time 8 50.

3d Heat.—Any tolerably good four mile horse, might now have taken the race, for the whole field was too light for such long heats. "Medoc" never having run a four mile race before, and "Anvil," who is only 15 1-2 hands, not being well enough to shew his undoubted bottom and speed. At the start "Tobacconist" took the lead, but was speedily put "hors du combat," and was pulled up at the end of the first mile. Medoc then headed the field, closely followed by Anvil while Florida continuing to lose ground was pulled up the second round. The contest then lay between Medoc and Anvil and was continued in gallant style,—each for a time seemed the probable winner, and either was taken for choice for the heat, though the untiring condition of Medoc made him still the favorite for the race,—as they approached in the last quarter stretch it was almost impossible to name the leader, but as they neared the Judge's stand, 'Medoc' darted ahead and won the heat in fine style.

Time 8 48 1-2

4th Heat.—"Medoc" came to the post, fresh as an untried two year old, and for the first half mile seemed improved in foot since the first heat,—but the length of the race and the heavy state of the Course greatly protracted the time of the heat. Both horses continued nearly locked till the last brush, when Medoc took a decided lead,—whip and spur were tried on "Anvil" without effect, and the son of old Eclipse won the race after 16 miles of very heavy running.

Time 9 11.

"Medoc" is unquestionably a very first rate Nag, and "Anvil" proved that the blood of "Monsieur Tonson" can produce both bottom and speed. The race produced a vast deal of interest and many thousands of dollars changed hands on the result. The weather was extremely unfavorable, and much rain fell during the running of the two last heats.

The "Craig Cup" to be run for to-morrow is a very splendid affair, and certainly well worth the $500. It is a complete Race Cup,—the stem being formed by 4 horses heads,—the handles made of twisted whips, the rim embossed with 4 horses at full speed.

For the Traveller and Times.

LEGEND OF O'DONOHOE.

"It seems to those who've dared to gaze,
As if their robes were formed of rays;
And they were things of vapoury light,
But indistinct and dimly bright,
As if twixt them and mortal sight
A veil was hung." NIAL.

There once lived in the neighborhood of the lakes of Killarney, in the south of Ireland, a mighty Prince, named O'Donohoe, a man celebrated for his extraordinary strength and statue. Many and wonderful are the tales recorded of his Herculian deeds—the following may be taken as an example of their general character:—He had a noble white steed, as famous for strength and beauty as himself, and it is affirmed, on God knows whose authority, that when journeying together they used to take it in turns to carry each other.

After many years spent in promoting the happiness of his subjects, he one day, it was the last of April, sent an invitation to all his friends, and vassals, to meet him at his castle on the following morning. At the appointed hour they were there, and were much surprised to see their Prince armed capapee, and mounted on his favourite charger, ride in to the midst of the court yard, where they were assembled; but who can express their grief and astonishment, when informed by a herald, that "O'Donohoe, King of Desmond, and Trawe, and Knight of the famous order of the Red Branch, would that hour take leave of his loyal and beloved subjects, for ever."

After an affectionate farewell, in which he recommended all who heard him to the practice of justice and virtue, the Prince proceeded slowly, and with an air of peculiar dignity towards the Lake of Mucross, and in the sight of thousands, who followed him to see where the mystery would end—rode majestically across the waters: nor did his horse's hoof appear to make any more impression on the surface of the deep, than if it had been a plain of marble. Having arrived in the centre of the "lough," he bowed gracefully and off to the admiring thousands that surrounded him, when the blue water, at his command, yawned beneath and received him to its bosom for ever.

His subjects mourned him, rather as one that was absent, than dead, for he was often seen, early in the mornings of summer, riding round the lake, attended by ten thousand of the most beautiful forms imaginable. However, in time, as sin began to spread a thicker gloom around the world, and as the chain of the Sassenach tyrant became more oppressive and galling to his countrymen, his visits were less frequent, and for many years past he has never honored the surface of Lough Desmond with his presence, save when he comes to celebrate the anniversary of the day, that he retired from our upper world. At such times he is always hailed as the harbinger of sunny summer, and plentiful harvest—for there is an old tradition prevalent, that if May sets in, clouded by an April storm, he fails to make his appearance, and thus leaves the unfortunate farmer to the dismal anticipation of blighted crops and light profits. His last appearance was in the year 1782.

A child with four arms, four legs, two heads, and one body was still-born at Starcross last week.—*Western Times.*

ORIGINAL SCRAPS.

FACTS AND FROLICS.

JIM CROW.

We understand Mr. Thomas Rice, the celebrated Jim Crow has *jumped* into more good fortune lately, by a *wheel about* of the lottery to the *tune* of fifteen hundred dollars at Clark's 112 Broadway. If so we wish him all joy, for fortune seldom sticks her feather in the cap of one that can wear it with a better grace.

A SIREN.

One of the ugliest things in town, is to be seen at 94 Chatham street under the cognomen of Mermaid. If this be truly a genuine descendent of the sirens of old, and an inheritress of all the charms we have been so much bothered about, then we must confess we have greatly degenerated from the ancients in our ideas of femenine beauty.

STANDING ON NOTHING.

On Friday last an Irishman who is engaged in the building of a house in the neighborhood, having arrived at the top of the ladder with his hod on his back stept over the wall, and naturally enough, as there was nothing to stop him by the way tumbled down again to the bottom, on the other side. "Blur-anages Pat, says one of his companions, what a fool you wor to think to be afther standin on *nothin* like a bird. Och howld your tongue you Omedhoune, replied Pat, getting up and scratching his head, did'nt I know very well that if it was as long as *eternity* it must lead to *something* at last.

IRISH DESCENDANTS.

There are at present in New York.
A Madame Doyle—
A Monsieur O'Flaherty—
A Seignore O'Toole—
A Mynheer McDonnell—
A Don O'Rouke—
And a Grand Turk named, Fitzpatrick—

This is another proof of what terrible fellows among the ladies those Irishmen are in all comtules.

CROSS READINGS.

Mr. Osbaldeston lately killed at one shot—the three beautiful regiments of Coldstream Guards—five churches, two hospitals—two colleges—with other items of even less importance.

Seven Pirates were hanged last week at York, —after the ceremony,—they all sat down to supper.

At a late meeting in Troy the members—of temperance confined themselves exclusively to—Irish Whiskey, and Jamaica Rum of superior quality.

Six or seven married and rather elderly gentlemen—were then sold by auction for 6 cents a head—their ladies it appears had no further use for them.

A notorious glutton lately swallowed at one draught—the City Hall, including all that section of Chatham-street.

Found on Friday and supposed to be a foreign production—a young lady from Broadway who for the last—twelve hours has not uttered a single word.—This curiosity may be seen at Peale's Museum.

The President who is a very moderate man—died of a distemper caused by eating in one night—four Barbary Houses, two Buffaloes and an Elephant.

The late king was so fond of his horse Hector that—he gave him his only daughter in marriage

The day after Fontleroy was hanged in London—we met him in company with a lady in Paris,—apparently much refreshed after his journey.

A swindler was lately apprehended in Boston,—and in consequence of his integrity and virtue—sentenced to be whipped through the market place—until perfectly restored to health and appetite.

Previous to Buonaparte's marching to Russia—he kept a little milliner's shop in Strand street,—where he was soon raised to the peerage for his industry—in selling stewed tripes and cow-heels on Sundays.

N. P. Willis has left France for Italy—with Trinity Church Yard and the corporation—besides other trifling items in his pocket book.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is Romeo like roasting beef?
Because its a *part* of the *tender* line.

Why is a physician less dangerous than a mad dog?
Because his *Bark* is worse than his bite.

Why is a fool like twenty hundred weight?
Because its a *simple-ton*.

Why are Paris boats like mad men?
Because they are *in-Seine*.

STUDY AND REFLECTION.

At a certain house in Broadway, two gentlemen were lately busily engaged at cribbage. The one played the game with great coolness, and judgement, but in spite of every thing, he lost, while the other, who threw his cards apparently at random, won all before him. This good fortune, however, was less owing to chance or skill, than to his antagonist's having bright steel buttons on his coat, which shewed every card in his hand. "How the devil can this be Jack," says Tom after losing the tenth game, "you beat me all hollow without the slightest *study*. "You are mistaken in that Tom, my boy," replied Jack, "for however I may appear to play without *study*, I assure you it cost's me a great deal of *reflection*."

EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.

"How is business with you Bill," says one Sexton to another the other day in the Park. D—d bad was the reply. But any way I believe there has'nt been an hour's *luck* in the town, since the time of the *cholera morbus*.

A FARCE.

Collins, the cracked sailor, who threw a stone at the King of England some time since, on the race-course, has been transported to Botany Bay for life. He was as mad as a march hare during his trial, and indeed we would be sorry to stake much on the sanity of those who condemned him. The poor fellow we understand, has provided himself with a new *wooden leg, to help him on his journey*.—Any person who wishes to write a farce, may begin as soon as he likes—he could not have better materials for another Bombastes Furioso.

The Harpers have issued in two volumes, a most interesting work, by the author of "Hajji Baba," named Zohrab the hostage. The story is laid in Persia, and the passages we have read are pregnant with interest.

This book, like every other book of stamina, must become a favorite.

COMMUNICATED.

I am fond of a little innocent mirth, and don't care to be deceived if it does not hurt my honor or my pocket, so I brushed up my old beaver and started to see the "*Patent Conjurer*," but oh! misfortune!! it was not the night in passing Peale's, however, I was stared in the face with the glaring words Ventriloquism and Legerdemain, "thinks I to my-self," this will do, so in I went.

I found here no medals, no Tuskarets but a plain ungarnished Yankee, Mr. Harrington, from Boston. This unassuming young man, has undoubtedly the tact of pleasing his audience, and never have I spent an evening so merrily for many a long year, he kept us in a perpetual roar of laughter, and his tricks are admirably performed *without the aid of any confederate*. He occasionally introduced his astonishing powers of Ventriloquism, and his imitations are admirable.—Give me the Yankee.

PUBLIC CHARACTERS.
UNDER THE ROSE.

How very unpoetically warm it is, here we have been imbibing twenty original ideas within the last ten minutes, through the medium of a cup of iced coffee, but somehow or other, the vapors have so operated on our mental system lately, that we have been unable to give a single one of them digestion. Alas! and alack-a-day! for the progress of temperance,—nothing like a cup of *gently* diluted brandy in the morning, for clearing the brain, and emancipating a paragraph from its attendant cob-webs. Who the devil can manufacture items on the strength of a cup of cold water! why, any body to be sure, who can count fifty, and withal draw pot hooks and hangers. but then his effusions must partake confoundedly of his beverage,—cold, cheap, and most productive of the colic. We could bring forward a thousand examples in support of our arguments, but in mercy to you, most beloved reader, will content ourselves with one. A brother scribe of our own in the next street, was formerly the most open-handed, rosy cheeked, round bodied little fellows imaginable, and of course the very mischief at cracking a joke, but now-a-days, having thought proper to join the club, he has become as lank and lanthorn-jawed as Shakspeare's apothecary—as close and nipping, as a rusty rat-trap, and as fusty as a withered cabbage-stalk. Besides he is always recommending to others the efficacy of his abominable stomach torture, and indeed, such is his devotion to the cause, that he has lately ruined the vicinity he lives in, by draining the only pump we had in the neighborhood, *almost* dry. By the way we wish our corporation would levy a tax on all your thorough societies, unless their members would confine themselves exclusively to salt water. But to return to *brother* ——— we have only read one of his deluged paragraphs, after the revolution of his system, and indeed we are apprehensive the effect will prove fatal, for we have felt as weak, and as low in *spirits*, as a six watered glass of bastard brandy ever since.

Well then, since in order to be fashionable, we must prison our wits, fearing to inhale a *stream* of sufficient dignity to set them afloat, we will even venture as far as the battery in quest of matters of fact. What young lady can this be that comes dashing along with such a theatrical swagger? She looks very earnestly this way, can it be falling in love with ourself she is, though without the slightest egotism in the world, there would be nothing very original or wonderful in that, even taking into consideration the very summary method with which we despatched the duties of the toilet this morning—here's put our best leg forenost any way. Humph! she curls up her nose at us, as if we were made of a sour lemon.—Tush, by Jupiter, it is Miss ——— of Whitehall street, a gentleman lately told her, she had a voice like Fanny Kemble, and the poor girl has been running crazy ever since; walk when you will in her vicinity, and you hear her mumbling over some passage from Julia, Juliet, or Lady Macbeth, and she lately even discarded her lover in contempt, who by the way was an honest quaker from Salem, because the poor fellow failed to realize her ideas of Romeo or Sir Thomas Clifford, and we are creditably informed that she twice refused an English Lord *in her sleep* and at last accepted of a French Marquis. No wonder then she looked so glum on the unfortunate *handle of a goose quill*. Simpson or Hamblin may prepare themselves, as they will shortly be applied to by the lady in question, and then, if matters come to a point, the public will be soon able to judge what chance she has of setting fire to the *river*, town we mean, or of mounting the star and feather of nobility.

What a very *ugly little man* that is with his back towards us, we were all but exterminated as our vision glanced over his reflection in the river, thinking it was neither more nor less than his Satanic Majesty in *propria personæ* rising from the bottom,—not, gentle reader, the printer's devil for a *copy of our brains*, but even worse, the devil in earnest for a *copy of ourself*. But who is it—hang it that eternal jangler of worn out doggerel ———, dare not even mention an initial of his name, lest he might be for making our corporation a thoroughfare for a pistol bullet. Indeed he never goes unprepared for a shot, for his tongue is one of the foulest little weapons imaginable, and whenever he wants to annihilate you he has only to load it with a ball of his own brains, *and you are gone in a minute*. He has been invoking all the muses in heaven these two years to assist him in his attack on the heart and *premises* of a certain young widow in Broadway, but it has proved no go, and he is now composing a sonnet commemorative of his own hard fate, and the widow's harder heart, preparatory to his taking a parting dip in the Hudson. We lately read a poetical description of the fair in a *certain* neighboring paint, and in sooth, if she is all and singular as there represented, she must be an exact prototype of his most beautiful self.

But who is yonder person enveloped in his cloak of darkness coming this way? Such a man as all good angels love to look upon. Little cause has he to shade his face in his collar, for if a noble countenance, impressed with the deep feelings of a God-like spirit may unveil itself to the day then might W—— S—— shine out as shamelessly and open as the sun. However, his *friends* think otherways, they have lately accused, tried and condemned him, for being wrought from better materials than themselves. Yes, poor W. has been found guilty of trying to make himself happy—he has the misfortune of having rich relations—little money—and a heart as spacious as the universe, (which every body must allow is a devilish bad stock)—these have led him into a multitude of what the cold-blooded call errors, and there he goes, shunned by his *friends*—insulted by his enemies, and driven to ruin on the dark side of a heartless world—Heavens! what a theme for contemplation—here is a man (absolutely living at this moment in our goodly city) pregnant with every thing that makes man noble, yet the butt, and victim of a host of miserable cattle, who, if all their hearts were truly set, and the better portions extracted, would not in an amalgamated form, make one so lordly or so good as that which beats in the breast of the unfortunate wretch that is withering before us.

But mark you that canker-worm behind him: we mean that brown coated, puritanical, supercannuated self-sufficient-looking fellow with the crab apple countenance in front—He looks like the ghost of a usurer—but alas he still lives, the devil seldom buries those people out of the world whom he is sure of in the end. That fellow, sir, is a perfect plague-spot on creation,—he is uncle to poor W.—worth three hundred thousand dollars—and so of course pretty well known on 'Change. Lo! how demure and sanctified he looks. Yet at this moment if asked, he would scorn to relieve the sufferings of a hungry orphan, by the disbursement of a single shilling. But even he, sir, is a *very good and charitable man*—at least his dollars are always ready for raising the pillars of a public institution, or for blazoning his piety in the public prints. His name and maxims are constantly quoted for the edification of his fellows,—he is courted and *beloved*, honored and respected, and will no doubt have a lofty monument when he dies, commemorative of his *transcendent virtues*. Do you know sir whence this difference of opinion springs, why the nephew shunned, and the uncle courted? no—nor we either, but perchance it may be partly owing to the three hundred thousand *shining qualities* of the one and to the fact that the devil might dance a hornpipe in the empty pockets of the other.

But poor W. S.'s miseries are nearly at an end, we fear his final resolution is taken for we lately heard him repeating as he passed, that ominous passage—"to be or no to be, that is the question," and were it even so how can we blame him, for

"If there's a world where souls are free,
And tyrants taint not nature's bliss—
And death that bright world's opening be,
Oh who would live a slave in this."

APOSTROPHE TO TIME.

How hast thou borne me on thy wings,
Inexorable time!—
How rapid are thy wanderings
Through life's bewildered clime!
It seemeth but as yesterday
I climed my mother's knee,
And on her bosom calmly lay,
Or prattled there in glee;
Did learn beneath her tender eye,
Taught by her pious care,
To raise my tiny hands on high,
And lisp the twilight prayer.

But thou hast borne me on—and on!
I know not how or when—
I know those happy hours are gone,
And that I move with men.
I know a stranger's face hath now
The home that *was* our own,
I know there're wrinkles on my brow,
And sorrow in my tone.

I know my pulses languidly
Their "healthful music" beat,
And that life's crimson currents flee,
And from my veins retreat;
I know a multitude of sins—
Of sorrows—and of cares;
I know that man and grief are twins,
—Inseparable pairs!
I know the world craves weary feet—
'Tis compassed round by fears:—
I know the very bread we eat
Is salted by our tears.

I know, O Time! another sweep
In thy untiring flight,
Will bring me to the dreamless sleep
Of Death's protracted night.
When round the dying sinner's brow
The death-shades damply twine—
I know he'd give a world if thou
Wouldst stay thy flight, O Time!
Of but a month—a day—a week—
One precious hour were given,
That he might with his conscience speak,
And send one prayer to heaven.

But triumph not, thou conqueror!
Speed on! thy latest field
Awaits thee—and thy doom is fixed,
Irrevocably sealed.
I know God's angel yet shall stand
One foot upon the sea,
And one upon the trembling land,
In dread sublimity;
And lift his hand to Heaven, and swear
By HIM whom saints adore,
Who made the heavens, earth, sea, and air,
That *thou* shalt be no more. ROSCREA.

TWENTY MINUTES AT A NIGGAR BALL.

"Silence yes all dere, taint fashionable to be hollerin and eating togader"—'taint Massa Snipple de company war to be all elect'" "Well, Sambo, and is'nt dem all select? I'se sure de gemmen and ladies pay a shilling a head remittance money."—"Dere you Hannibal! cant stand see you buss my Juno arter dat fashion; 'spose you don't know Juno and I'se goin to be nighted in marternoney?" "Oh fie, Massa Mercury; you make de gal blush like de coal scuttle." "Yes, but she did'nt blush do, when Hanibal dere was kissing her like de very debil. Well, nebber mind, me no give her mint julip a Sunday, nor 'scort her to Brooklyn."

"My eye! who comes here! Oh, as I hope to lib by dying, dis be de great swell niggar from Orange-street; he tink he can cut greater dash and saw wood better nor any oder gemman in York. "Good morrow, Massa Cæsar; how is you to-night?" "O quite rumplified, tank you kindly, Massa Jupiter; had a great rebalution in my tomach dis tree days, 'count of eating too much much at Dido Heady's blow out; but what mean de row under de table?" "Oh noting at all, only Miss Hebe Jumps and her feller Cuffee Wilkins fighting like ebery ting for de leg of a boil'd turkey." "Dere now, stand clear for de dance; dose dat dont be done eating, put de rest of dere suppers in dere pockets." Here de ladies must all range themselves dis side; if dey be mix'd togoder, the debil won't be able to stick a needle between two ob dere lips." "Miss Primrose, low me lead you trough a waltz?" "O no, Massa Wellington, dem beaut de go; none but de commonality dance waltzes now a day." "Well hubby, what you like?" "Oh, me like someting laugershin." "Me like dat to; come you niggar, play us up Yanky Doodle, Off we go, huzzahs!" "Stop a tater in dat feller's beef trap, he shout as if him were in a church." "Dere, by gosh, Dina let go my arm; dat chap has wounded my feelings to de very back bone. Here, you niggar, come dis way, till I make you eat a piece of de candle-stick." "If you do, Massa Wellington, I guess I'll offend myself wid de fire shovel, right over your sconce." "Oh, hokey, Jupiter, look dere' here Miss Angelina Skuggs has swallowed up de whole canter ob cherry brandy; guess as how she'll sleep where she lies till morning." "I say, you gemman in de blue frock, you no pay de mittance money at de door; by gosh me no like dat—you be no gemman, you be dam'd lye; dere take dat on de snuff box." "O my nose, my nose." "Come, fairplay; a ring—a ring."—"Dere now, dere will no fiber be an end to no peace and quietness." "Now Nero, my boy, gib it him on de shins. Oh, me like dat; he bark like a calf. Dere by gosh cuffee is thour'd." "Him deserve it, he no business to 'pose himself in genteel 'society, him only prentice to a shoe-black." Well spoke, Massa Bolliwar, beside he smoke segar in de meeting-house. Kick him out; dere he goes like a dead kitten—hurrah!" "My scribus to you, Miss Sunset, how you relished de exquisite ob de weddor." Oh, it be quite excommunable. Dere now, I'll be jiggared if dat beant a mighty nice word; must learn it against I goes amongst de quality; what do meaning ob it Miss Sunset? O excommunicable means exquistable. You find it in Shakspeare's English Grammar." "Hah, de debil! what do I see in de corner yonder. Scipio, Kissin my wife like tinder and lightning: "I'll be dis-revenged dis minnet if I war to wait for week." Now ladies and gemmen, we all cross hands and dance de country dance up de middle and down again. Play up fidler—now tree cheers, and off we go—huz, huz, huz.

A Cure Extraordinary.—A gentleman informs us, that while sojourning at one of the towns in Virginia, he encountered in the street a stout double-limbed negro, who was ringing a hand-bell most manfully; after laboring at it some time, the fellow made a dead halt, and bellowed out something to the following effect:—"Sale dis night—frein' pans, gridirons, books, oyster-knives, and odder kinds of medicines. Joe Williams will hab some fresh oysters at his 'stablishment—by ticlar desire, Mr. Howlet will give limitations ober again—two or three dozen damaged discussion locks—and Rev. Mr. P. Q. will deliber a sarmount on temperance, half past six o'clock precise; dat's not all' dare will be a perlite and select colored Ball at Mrs. John's just arter dis is bin done"—*Hagerstown Mail.*

A Connecticut Jonathan in taking a walk with his *dearest*, came to a toll bridge, when he, as honestly as he was wont to be, said, after paying his toll, (which was one cent,) 'Come, Suke, you must pay your own toll, for just as like's not I shan't have you arter all.'

Park Theatre.

On Monday Evening Attaxerxes was repeated and went off well. Mrs. Austin was in excellent voice and sang the music well, especially the air of "When ere the Cruel Tyrant," was given with great effect; also the Bravura, the Soldier Tir'd, was admirably executed and rapturously encored. Miss Hughes appeared for the 2d time in this city as Attaxerxes. The music being suited to her voice, she sung it with taste and feeling, especially the song *In Infancy*, in which she was warmly applauded. Miss Wheatly came before the public a second time in opera—She sang the recitative better than we have had it done for some years, and also a song composed by Mr. Horn, she sang sweetly; she has a good voice and with practice and a little more confidence will be an acquisition to the Operatic Department. Mr. Horn as Artaban was good in the delineation, though we can say little for his singing; however, he makes more of his voice than could be expected. Jones as Artaxerxes was excellent and sang the music well; he gave *Water Parted* beautifully; but he should try and be more perfect both in music and words. The Quartette—"Mild as the Moon Beams," was well-sung and rapturously encored. We think, taking the Opera altogether, that it could not have been performed better in this country. After the Opera, Miss C. Fisher appeared in six different characters, in the "Actress of All Work," and if we judge from the applause she received, she is still as great a favorite as ever. The 2d and 3d acts of Masaniello follow

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

AMERICAN THEATRE—BOWERY.

This House has at last produced the long announced Thalaba the Destroyer, and with a splendor, that does *credit* to the management, and adds another to the long list of admirable spectacles of which this has long been the Theatre par excellence.

The scenery is entirely new, together with the dresses, decorations, properties, &c. and of the most gorgeous description. The opening scene of the mystic cavern—by James, is in admirable taste, nor can we pass over the brilliant effect of his Turkish Chamber. Duke White, a young artist who may perhaps rank as one of the most talented scene-painters of the day, has thrown some of his best efforts into this piece. His Valley of Dates, Sultan's Palace, and Eastern Garden, are each and all of them, well worthy the Fame he is daily acquiring. There is also a submarine Grotto, by the same artist of the most elaborate workmanship, and poetical conception, and only leaves us to regret that the "spirits of the damned" should possess so exquisite a Paradise. James has also added fresh laurels to his well earned reputation as an artist, in the mystic cavern by moonlight. The Silver cavern and brilliant Turkish Chamber. Of the dramatis personæ, Mrs. McClure gave a weight and spirit to the enchantress not often enjoyed by Melo-drama.—Messrs. Jones, Gates, McKinney, Connor, and Mrs. Conway, were excellent, doing ample justice to their characters, and throwing a spirit into the business of the scene, which kept the audience on the "qui vive," throughout the whole. Of the Plot, we cannot gratify our readers better than by the following extract from a paragraph, giving the full description of scenery, Plot, and business.

Demons and evil spirits super-abound, and there is no lack of genius. The Sultan's quandom goatherd, having been instigated by Kawla, a wicked enchantress, to murder Hodeira, his lawful Sovereign, and Zeinab his queen, succeeds to his kingdom, and for seventeen years wields the ill gotten and precarious sceptre of the Isles. The infant Prince Thalaba had been rescued from the massacre of his father's house by Ali, a faithful adherent of the ancient dynasty, and left at the well of Agra, where he had been found by old Moate, a shepherd, who bore him to his cottage in the Valley of Dates, and reared and brought him up as his own son.—The Sultan discovers that the youthful heir of his murdered sovereign is living, secluded and unknown, in this humble retreat; he therefore seeks the protection of Kawla, to whom he had sold himself for time and eternity, against the predicted influence of Thalaba, of whom it is decreed by Marmina, his guardian genius, that he shall wield the magic sword that is circled with fire, and bow to dust the usurper of his throne. Kawla, attended by her witches in waiting rises in blue flame, and after sundry sybilline contortions and spells, conjures up Abdalda, a potent demon, gives him a ring with fire wrung from the bosom of stormy Etna, presents him with her dagger, and despatches him forthwith to seek Thalaba. The Sultan demands of his protectress some further particulars regarding his fate, which brings the ghost of Zeinab from her tomb with the unwelcome tidings that "Thalaba the Destroyer comes, and all shall perish!" The enchantress is seized with a fainting-fit, and falls into the arms of her attendent witch—the Sultan is dumfounded.

The demon, Abdalda, disguised as a merchant, enters the Valley of Dates. He encounters Thalaba—the fire flies from his ring; a piece of necromancy that soon tells him in whose company he is—he makes an attempt to stab the young prince, when a thunderbolt descends and strikes him to the earth. Thalaba, under the pretence of deciphering the strange characters, takes a ruby ring from the deceased's finger, and puts it on his own.

The next visit he receives is from the ghost of his mother which blesses him and vanishes in vapor.—This vapor bears an inscription, greeting him Sultan of the Isles, and exhorting him to avenge his father's death.

Thalaba is in possession of a quiver which his foster father had picked up when he discovered him, an infant at the Well of Agra. On this quiver are written certain characters which exactly tally with those on the ruby ring. Suddenly the quiver turns to gold, and the inscription both on the quiver and the ring changes, and is the same. He is commanded to follow the flight of locusts, to redeem the burning sword in the cavern of silver, and quell the influence of enchanters. The hum of locusts is heard—the swarm appears—he is about to depart but is restrained by the shepherd and his daughter Oneiza. Suddenly a blue cloud appears in the horizon, on which is written "Depart or perish" The command is imperative, and he obeys.

To follow Thalaba over mountains and passes of sand—burning deserts, with occasionally a cooling fountain to refresh him—to trace his steps sleeping and waking, pursued by the fiend Abdalda, and as often delivered from his clutches by his good genius Marmina—to recapitulate the thunder and lightening that are eternally at his beck and call—to enumerate the ghosts—to penetrate the enchanted cavern-beneath the waters of Badelmanded with its pillow of rock, coral shells, and sub-marine plants—to introduce the acquatic demons chanting over a caldron—the galley of Thalaba sinking in the vast abyss; and the prince chained to a rock; to particularize every opening of Zeinab's sepulchre, and note down the repeated resurrections of her venerable spirit; to penetrate the cavern of the burning sword, expatiate on the blue fire, the blasted tree, and huge serpent of gold; to describe the recumbent figure of the armed warrior, bearing in his hand the ignited weapon; the entrance of Abdalda with his helmet, shield, and brazen club; the sumptuous alter changed to a splendid car: Kawla, with black wand, dishevelled hair and dagger in hand. To enlarge on these wonders and many more—the death of the usurper, the burning of the fortress, the mortal combat between Thalaba and the devil Abdalda, in which the devil is slain; the restoration of Thalaba to his crown, his happy union with Oneiza, the Shepherd's daughter, to say nothing of the dresses, decorations, properties, &c. &c., would be to transcribe the melodrama, and not to criticise it."

On the whole, Thalaba the Destroyer may be pronounced one of the most deservedly successful dramas that has ever been produced at this Theatre. Whether we regard the beauty of the scenery, the ingenuity of the machinery, the splendor of the dresses, decorations and admirable arrangements of the procession. We are glad to find it played to crowded houses, and hope the managers will reap a golden benefit from their enterprise.

A TOPER.

About seven o'clock yesterday evening, on the removal of the menagerie lately preparing for exhibition in Second-street, the young elephant escaped from the keeper, by knocking him down with its proboscis; and, turning down Catherine-street, leaped into the tide, which at the time was full seven feet from the level of the wharf. Mr. Martin, the breaker of the animals, being informed of the fact, started with the keeper on a search as far as the rope-walk below the Navy Yard, but their search was in vain.

After some time, they heard him in the immediate neighborhood of the Yard, and having procured a lantern and boat, they, with the kind assistance of some of the officers of the Sea Gull, got towards the Navy Yard wall, between which and that vessel they discovered him swimming about. The keeper now pumped into the water, and catching the elephant, held on till Mr. Martin's arrival. They then obtained the assistance of many of the inhabitants of Southwark, and after much floundering in the mud, and great risk of health, they drew him ashore, in tow of three boats, about 4 o'clock this morning.—The keeper and Mr. Martin deserve great credit for their perseverance, but for which the valuable animal would have been lost to the proprietor.

After his immersion, the quadruped emigrant drank a gallon of brandy for his deliverers, and proceeded on his journey without any further demonstrations of caprice.

Mr. Martin is the person who, at New-York, in the year 1826, so narrowly escaped from the attack of two tigers, by the magnanimity of the elephant Tippoo Sultan.—*Phil. Chron. Mag* 11.

The steamboat Novelty, Capt. Wetwall, which commenced the ten o'clock line for Albany on the 6th instant, has made her first six passages in an average of ten hours and eleven minutes each, including stops.

The Mayor of New-York has issued his Proclamation, offering a reward of two hundred and fifty dollars for the detection and conviction of the perpetrators of an atrocious homicide committed on the person of Samuel L. Devine, on the night of the 2d inst.

Foreign Intelligence.

The ship William Byrnes, Capt. Sprague, has arrived at this port, furnishing us with London papers to the 3d of April. The Charlemagne packet has also arrived from Havre, with Paris journals to the 6th.

The receipt stamp duties for 1832, amounted to £23,932 9s 11d on twopenny stamps; £28,350 7s 1d on threepenny; £38,324 14s 3d on sixpenny; and £49,585 10s on shilling stamps.—A total of £145,200 0s 3d.

We hear that Lord Goderich is to be created an Earl.—*Globe.*

The Earl of Lauderdale, should his health permit, intends to take a part in the debate on Earl Fitzwilliam's motion, relating to the corn laws.

The Duke of Orleans, it is rumored, will pay a visit to this country about the middle of the present month.

The subscriptions in Paris in behalf of the Ex-Minister Lafitte, amounted, so far, to about 300,000 francs.

Irish Representative Peerage.—Hanaper Officer, March 29.—Lord Downes, 76; Viscount Lismore, 77.

The "Reform Snuff-Box" is the name of the rival theatre situate on the Earthen Mound Edinburgh. Although the audience may not hiss, they probably *sneeze* at this house.

One newsman in the Strand, London, keeps constantly ten horses for expresses, and he sells upwards of *one thousand pounds'* worth of newspapers weekly. The usual number which he sends by post on Saturday night, is seldom fewer than fifteen thousand.

Denis Collins, the old pensioner who threw a stone at his Majesty, is ordered to be transported for life—so that the poor old man will have the satisfaction of being once more on the element on which he passed so many years of his life. During his confinement in Reading gaol his personal appearance had undergone considerable alteration. He had become considerably stouter, and his rough, hard-looking, weather-beaten countenance had assumed a florid complexion and a plumpness which destroyed much of the marked character of his features. His dress, since his conviction, was most grotesque, all the right side of it being of a bright yellow, and all the left side of a purple brown. His wooden leg (a new one, worn for the first time on his trial,) was painted sky blue, and, to complete the *tout ensemble*, he wore a blue cloth cap, with a red border and a white tassel on the top. The yellow and purple brown is the prison dress [worn to detect those who escape; the rest is according to the taste of the wearer.

TURKEY AND EGYPT.

We have received by an extraordinary conveyance, news of the highest importance from Alexandria of the recent date of the 11th of March. This news arrived at Toulon by the brig *Le Cygne*, which at the same time conveyed despatches to be forwarded with the greatest haste to Government. The following are the particulars of the news.

The Pacha of Egypt Mehemed Ali, has refused to accept the propositions made by France on the subject of the war between Egypt and Turkey.

Admiral Roussin having despatched an express to Alexandria, to make known to our Consul-General the terms of the note which had been agreed on at Constantinople, in concert with the English and Austrian Ambassadors, to arrest the march of Ibrahim and remove every pretext for the intervention of Russia, M. de Minault, the French Consul-General demanded and immediately obtained a conference with Mehemed Ali. The Pasha who had also received despatches from Ibrahim, received our Consul coolly, and flatly refused to transmit to his son restrictions on his march to Constantinople. It appears that he was indignant at the part assigned him in the propositions of the powers, and particular when he learned that conditions were made for him, without previously consulting him. Our Consul immediately expedited the brig *Le Cygne* to carry this news.

"A vessel arrived from Constantinople in sixty-four hours has brought accounts that the Russian fleet was still tranquilly at anchor in the Bosphorus. Meantime, Government has freighted a great number of merchant vessels, which are destined to take on board and carry to Constantinople the Russian detachment of troops which is advancing by forced marches to this quarter, in case events in Turkey should render such a measure necessary. The departure of these troops will infallibly take place if Ibrahim again advances further, particularly as the French Ambassador only guaranteed peace on condition that the Russian fleet should depart, and this condition, which was a *sine qua non*, not having been complied with, France will not consider herself bound."

PARIS, April 5.—Two regiments have been ordered to Toulon. It is pretended that this movement of troops is in consequence of reports concerning the Carlists in the South, but it appears more probable that they are destined for the East. In fact, if France takes an active part in the Turco-Egyptian war, she will have to send considerable military forces, in order to counteract, in an efficacious manner, the influence of Russia.

LONDON, April 6.—The reports prevalent in the City yesterday relative to the terms on which Government would be inclined to renew the Bank Charter had the effect of producing a considerable decline in the price of Bank Stock. It is said that Government has intimated to the Bank that in the event of the renewal of their charter, one of the conditions will be that the Bank shall transact the public business free of expense.—This would be a loss to the Bank of about £250,000 per annum.

PORTUGAL.—The accounts received a few days since from Portugal, via Boston, of a skirmish between the armies of Don Miguel and Don Pedro, in which the latter gained some advantages, are confirmed.

The latest news from Oporto state, that Admiral Sartorious, with the fleet, continued at the Bayonna Islands; that on the part of himself and crew he had demanded £20,000 from Don Pedro: and in the event of non-compliance by the first instant, had threatened to proceed with all the ships to Guernsey. Sir John M. Doyle and Capt. Crosbie, whom the Admiral arrested, had been allowed to proceed again to Oporto, Sartorious retaining their swords. The affairs of both parties are in a wretched state.

LIVERPOOL, April 8.—*Domestic.*—Lord Goderich is to be created an earl. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has deferred his motion for the general commutation of tithes in England till Thursday, April 18. Lord Howick has resigned his place at the Colonial office. He is succeeded by Mr. John Lefevre, late member for Petersfield. Mr. M. Attwood has postponed his currency question till Friday, April 13. Lieut. Drummond has been appointed private secretary to Lord Althorp. Mr. Wickham, his late private secretary, has been nominated one of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the present mode of collecting the Revenue derived from Excise. The other commissioners are Sir H. Parnell and H. Berons, Esq. Calculating upon the very little that has hitherto been done by Parliament in the way of actual business, many persons are of opinion that the session is not likely to terminate before September. We hear continually of workmen being called to account for leaving their work unfinished. Were the same rule applied to public servants, what would become of some of the present ministers? Lords Goderich and Howick leave the Colonial office in the midst of the most important question that ever applied to the colonies. Mr. Stanley leaves the Irish Government during the passage through Parliament of a measure unparalleled in difficulty and importance; while the Secretary at War quits the War office, after having moved only one head of the army estimates. Arrangements are making for the establishment of fly boats for the conveyance of passengers and luggage to and from Birmingham and London by canal. The distance to be performed in sixteen hours.

The following inscription is copied from a door in a village in Dorsetshire, England: "John Stubbins, taylor, shoemaker and astronomer. I also keeps a journeyman to do all kinds of carpenters and blacksmiths works, and to hang bells, &c.—Any ladey or gentleman as bespeaks a coat or pair of breeches may have it on Friday or Saturday without fail. N. B. Being rumored abroad that I intended leaving off business on account of my being elected church-warden, I hope my friends wont give care to no such blood-thirsty slanders."

A young man, about 19, went into an oyster cellar, at 94 Chatham-street, yesterday morning about 11 o'clock, called for a glass of liquor, and went into one of the boxes, where he was found dead at 1 P. M. A coroner's inquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict that he came to his death either by a fit of apoplexy, or some inward cause unknown.—*Courier.*

The following account of the elder Kean's last appearance is so well written and affecting that we could not resist the temptation of copying it entire.

THE DRAMA.

CONVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Kean's Last Appearance.—Kean has often turned his retirement from the stage into a farce; he must now make a serious business of it. If he ever appears on the boards again, it should be only for the purpose of really bowing his admirers a last adieu. For these two or three years past, his every performance has been growing weaker and weaker, like the impressions from a fine engraving which is wearing out. Our vivid recollections, too, of his best personations when he was in his prime, have been dulled, though not obliterated, by the feebleness of his later efforts; as water, thrown over the paintings on the walls of Pompeii, brought their colors out in momentary brightness, only to render them less and less apparent by each successive attempt to revivify them. He, too, must have been aware of this; and nothing, probably, but his poverty has led him to follow this impolitic course.—We were not among the number of those who railed at him for so doing; admiration of his genius, and a surmise of the bitter necessity, prevented our joining in that cry. And, indeed for our own sakes, we were glad to see him again; with all his infirmity he was worth a score of inferior actors. He was "great in ruin." But his time is now come. His physical powers are worn out. He has at last broken down upon the boards of Convent Garden; and he only waits a fair dismissal from the scene of his former triumphs. The veteran gladiator, the victor in the arena, bows under the weight of his armor; his sword falls from his grasp, and he is borne off upon his shield.

On Monday night, 25th March, brave old Kean tottered on to the stage, and presented to a pit as crowded, and an audience as enthusiastic as ever, thundered down applause upon his noblest efforts, his son Charles Kean, who had already been, and was now again, as warmly welcomed. The sight was one to move an old playgoer. The veteran had roused himself as for a last effort; and those who were aware of his state of extreme debility off the stage, were surprised at the earnestness, almost amounting to energy, which he evinced. We never saw him personate the arduous character of *Othello* with more mind and feeling than he did on that night. The tone was subdued, but not a point was missed or failed. His voice sounded low and faint, but its modulations were beautiful, and responsive to the various conflicting emotions of the character. His action was feeble, yet not divested of the grace and dignity that once distinguished it. His sunken features, though their once fine outline was lost, yet seemed like the defaced fragment of some antique statue, in which might be traced the remains of its original nobleness. But we will dwell no longer upon this painful subject.

Charles Kean appeared as *Iago*, for the first time, on this occasion. He displayed considerable ability, but the performance has not greatly increased his reputation. He wants genius for the part, nor does he as yet possess sufficient experience as an actor to conceal this deficiency. "But he is very young: and even now his merits are evidently of an order to raise him above the common herd of actors. Though not yet equal to the highest range of characters in tragedy, he is far too valuable an acquisition to the stage to be condemned to melodrama. He may accomplish much by hard study, and constant practice in his profession; and his intelligence and modesty are favorable to his success. In appearing in characters before unacted, he will have the greatest advantage: and by a judicious selection—if that be in his power—of such parts in the acted drama as he feels himself fully competent to master with ease, he will increase his present reputation and be establishing a permanent basis for his future fame. Having made his father his model, he suffers by unavoidable comparison. What is Fanny Kemble, and what would she have been beside her illustrious aunt? Yet the difference between Charles Kean and Edmund Kean is not greater than between Miss Kemble and Mrs. Siddons.

Ellen Tree was "the gentle *Desdemona*" indeed. Nothing was wanting to the sweetness, delicacy, and true feeling with which she depicted the character; her passionate earnestness prevents any painful sense of her deficiency of power to express vehement emotion.

Warde took the part which poor Kean gave up in the third act. His performance, in such a case, is not a subject for criticism.—*Spectator.*

"PENNNY MAGAZINE OF THE SOCIETY *for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge.*" Our *young friend*, Mr. Freeman Hunt, late of the New York Traveller is, we understand, about commencing in this city the republication of this useful and entertaining work. It has in the "United Kingdom" the most extensive circulation of any periodical emanating from the British press; and when the number and character of the engravings, the learning and talent exhibited in the preparation of the articles, and the general neatness of the style are considered, we believe it may with perfect propriety be pronounced the *cheapest Magazine* in the world. Our worthy friend of the American Traveller, whose taste and judgment in literary matters, we consider perfectly orthodox, thus speaks of the general character of the work;

"This unprecedentedly popular, and cheap work, has in England a circulation of two hundred thousand copies. The sale of it has been regarded as one of the most remarkable indications of the extent to which the desire for knowledge has reached in Great Britain. Forty years ago, Edmund Burke estimated the numbers of readers in England at 8000. It may now, we think, be fairly calculated that the number of readers of this single work amounts to a million. The average number printed *daily* from *two* sets of stereotype plates, is sixteen thousand on both sides. The wood engravings, giving representations of the finest Works of Art, Monuments of Antiquity, and of subjects of Natural History, are executed in a style that had been previously considered to belong only to expensive works. The monthly parts contain, on an average, to least thirty beautifully engraved illustrations.—It is published under the direction of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," in London."

The engravings, several of which we have seen, by J. J. Greenough, are, we think, equal to the London originals. The first monthly part will make its appearance early in June.—*Boston Paper.*

Money Digging.—A few days since, three young men on the south side of the island of Martha's Vineyard, were engaged laboring in a field which was once an orchard—two of them plowing, and the other picking up stones at a distance. As the plough passed over a certain part of the land, the plough-share started up two or three pieces of silver coin, which were hastily snatched up by the holder, and put in his pocket. His companion observed him stoop and pick up something, and when the plough went over the spot again, seeing him repeat the movement, he desired to change situations with him. This was done, and he, too, reaped his crop; when each finding that the other was master of the secret, they proposed a manœuvre to get rid of the third person, so that they could divide the spoil without his coming in for a share. They therefore declared it best to leave off work that forenoon, as it was nearly 12 o'clock, which was readily acquiesced in. What they obtained no one can exactly state; but it is believed that not far from two or three thousand dollars, which had been originally buried in a bag (ascertained by pieces of cloth adhering to some of the coin) were excavated. This was divided between the two; leaving the man in the field with them (who was no less a personage than our good friend Jones, well known as the author of Haverhill) to attest the truth of the old adage—

"He who by the plough would thrive,
Must either *hold* himself or *drive*."

Accidents by Blasting.—In a communication in yesterday's paper, mention was made of the death of a lady, caused by a horse taking fright from the blasting of a rock on the rail-road. Yesterday afternoon we visited the Institution of the Deaf and Dumb, and while there, were shown the effects of two blasts within a day or two. The first, the fragment of a rock, weighing five hundred pounds, passed over the centre of the large building, and fell a hundred yards from it. The second was a stone weighing ninety-six pounds, and fell within four feet of the east end of the building, rebounded, and carried away a part of the corner wall of the house. It is manifest that very little regard is paid to the hour of the day, or the number of persons passing, when a blast is to be made. We saw yesterday on our return, several blastings, by which the stones were thrown to a great distance.

Robbery.—We regret to learn that in the absence of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of Boston, from his house, in attendance at the Ladies' Fair, recently held for the benefit of the blind, the drawer of a secretary in his study was forced, and $150 of the monies received at the fair were stolen, besides valuable papers, making a loss of $1000. Francis Mullen, a servant in his employ, had been examined, but nothing was elicited to fasten the proof of guilt upon any particular individual.

DONKEYANA.

One of the toll collectors of Kensington turnpike was summoned to this office yesterday for having demanded and taken more than the legal toll.

Mr. Levi, jun. who attended on behalf of the lessees of the trust, maintained that the collector was entitled to take 3d. (the sum objected to) as toll for the animal which drew the complainant's cart.

Your Worship, said the complainant, that ere toll collector had'nt got no call to ax thruppence for a donkey, ven its werry well known as ve never pays no more than three-ha'pence.

The toll collector insisted that the animal in the complainant's cart, for which he took the toll, was either a mule or a horse, and not a donkey.

Vy how can that be, asked the complainant, ven its only last week as I gav five pounds and a "blow out" to the werry gentleman as bred the hanimal himself? I bought it in Smithfield, and its vot they calls a Spanish donkey.

Both parties still remaining at issue as to the *genus* of the quadruped, Mr. Halls (a County Magistrate, who was sitting with Mr. Conant on the bench) volunteered an inspection, in order to settle the question. The animal, which was standing in the vicinity of the office, was taken out of the cart, and, although it was of large size, and of dark brown colour, the characteristics of its asinine consanguinity were of too strong a nature to allow of further dispute.

The judgment of the worthy magistrate being considered decisive, Mr. Conant intimated his intention of adjudicating in favor of the complainant.

The complainant, by way of strengthening the case, said that, although in the present instance threepence had been demanded for toll, yet other toll-collectors had been content with three-halfpence.

Mr. Conant considered this only proved the singular fact, that toll-collectors did not know an ass when they saw one.

Mr. Levi said it was very rare to see a donkey of such a colour and size (it being nearly five feet in height,) and, therefore, it was very natural the collector should doubt that it was really "an ass proper."

Mr. Conant, after some consideration, said he should reduce the penalty from £5 to 40s. as he considered the case proved against the collector.

Mr Levi begged for a further mitigation.

Well, said Mr. Conant, I'll put it as low as I can, and make it 30s.

Mr. Levi, then said that as Mr. Conant had no power to mitigate, he should avail himself of a technical objection, and not pay any fine.

Mr. Conant—Oh! very well, if such is your conduct, after the lenient decision I have given, I shall recal it, and in place of 30s. I shall inflict the full penalty of £5.

Mr. Levi looked rather blank at this unexpected determination, and he quitted the office, leaving a very general impression behind that donkeys of *more* than five feet in height, were not quite so scarce as he had asserted.

OMNIUM.

Heroic death of a Polish Officer.—Several Polish officers, severely wounded at the battle of Praga, on the 25th of February, 1831, were conveyed by the Russians from the field. This happened to be Chwynacki, a young and brave Lieutenant of the 7th regiment of Infantry. All the prisoners were taken to the head quarters of Field Marshal Diebitz, at Siennica. In order to acquire correct information as to the numbers of the Polish army, and the plan which their chief intended to pursue, General Diebitz questioned the prisoners. Chwynacki, who was wounded in the breast by a musket ball, was interrogated on the subject, but he kept a solemn silence. In order to be freed from the importunities of the Russians, he at times answered, "No—I know nothing about it." His determined resolution of not speaking served only to excite further the curiosity of his inquirers, and they exhausted every means in their power, without being able to obtain a satisfactory reply. At length they had recourse, as a *dernier resort*, to the following plan: a surgeon came to the bedside of the wounded man, and assured him, that the dangerous state of his wound would allow him to live only a few hours. He then gave him a brief sketch of the vanity of this world, and the importance of a future state, or, in other words, of eternity. He endeavored to demonstrate that the greatest virtue of a citizen is a blind obedience to the will of his master,—that every revolution is a crime in the eye of heaven—and that the Emperor Nicholas, like an indulgent father, only wished to punish the guilty, —in short, he engaged him to renounce that imaginary virtue, which men call patriotism, and to afford the mercy of the emperor all the service in his power, by communicating whatever might be useful to it. The young Pole, exasperated at this language, could no longer conceal his indignation.—He fixed his despairing eye upon the surgeon—the anguish he felt, reanimated his pale countenance.—He asked if it were true that he had only two hours to live. The surgeon, confident of the success of his plan, assured him this was the case. The Pole, concentrating the last efforts of expiring nature, seized on the surgeon's sword, and exclaiming "O my country! the last two hours of my existence shall be devoted to thee!" stabbed the surgeon to the heart, and, rushing through the hospital, (whose inmates were struck with horror at the sight of the blood gushing from his wound,) he laid two Russian sentinels dead at his feet—fell and expired.—*The Polish Exile.*

Mr. Greene.—Our old friend puns with the same inveteracy as heretofore; but as we must economize room, we have reduced some of his witticisms to the simple "d've-give-it-up" form of conundrums.

Why is a man who makes a wager of a cent like a person recovering from illness? He is a *little better.*

Why is a wheel like one exhausted? It is *tired.*

Why is an unpaid bill like the moisture in the morning? It is *due.*

Why is a thing purchased like a shoe? It is *sold.*

Why is a sanguinary epistle like a surgeon? It is a *letter of blood.*

Why is the cloth upon a dead body like the name which brings me into notice? It is a PALL.

Clough, the Murderer.—We cannot repress, says the Albany Evening Journal, a strong feeling of sympathy for Clough, the unhappy victim of a virtuous, but *maddening* attachment, which hurried him to the commission of a horrible crime. We knew him when an apprentice, a young man of much promise, and up to the moment of phrensy which nerved his arm against the bosom in which his own affections had centered, he enjoyed the confidence and friendship of all who knew him. The unfortunate young man has a widowed mother (now a widow in all its bitterness and desolation) residing in the town of Murry, Orleans county.

His excellency Governor Marcy arrived in this city, last evening, at 6 o'clock. He has taken lodgings at Webb's Congress Hall.

The Post Master at Louisville writes to the Department at Washington, that about 20 volumes of large books from Washington, franked by Walter Lowrie, came in the mail of the 20th ult. Among them were twelve or more volumes of the American Encyclopædia.

Mr James Brennan, of Mobile, Alabama, was lately shot in a rencontre with Joseph W. Tisdale, and expired in a short time. Tisdale has been arrested, and held to bail for his appearance in the sum of $1,000, and two sureties each in the sum of $500.

Some friends were commenting on Byron's scheme for collecting into a melancholy jest book the last sallies of celebrated men. "Sir Thomas More," said one, 'was witty even on the scaffold.' 'Ay,' replied another, 'and it is well known that the grave Charles 1st was *so struck* by the *gesticulation* of the executioner, that *he could not keep his countenance.*'

Fire.—On Friday morning, about 3 o'clock, a fire was discovered in a grocery in River-street near Dorlon's Tavern, which destroyed six buildings, occupied as dwellings, stores, shops, &c. The buildings were built of wood, and most of them were old. Four of them belonged to the heirs of Derick Lane, deceased, and two to Stephen Andes. They were all insured wholly or in part.

Magnetic Experiments.—Professor Emmett, of the University of Virginia, has succeeded in obtaining not only visible sparks, but also powerful shocks from the common horse-shoe magnet. The sparks were perfect and brilliant, and almost as large as those produced by the collision of flint and steel: and the shocks are described as nearly equal to those of a voltaic pile of a hundred pairs. Some other striking results were also obtained, going to show that the magnetic force has properties similar to those both of galvanism and electricity: this is an important discovery, and it is to be hoped that the particulars will soon be made public.

Married,

On Sunday morning, May 13th, by Mr S. White, Mr. Talmage Dunlavey, to Miss Susan Taylor, all of New York.

In Brooklyn, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bull, Mr. Abijah Smith, of the firm of Smith, Swift & Fairchild, to Miss Elenor Eagle.

On Tuesday evening, in the city of New York, by the Rev. Mr. Cone, Mr. Abel S. Seaton, to Miss Ann Waterbury.

SALES AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

$3000	United States 5 per cent			101 3-4
$500	do	do	do	101 5-8
$1000	do	do	do	101 1-2
$ 000	do	do	do	101 1-4
25	shares United States Bank			103 3-4
25	do	do	do	1 3 1-2
25	do	do	do	1 3 5-8
50	do	Manhattan Bank		128 1-4
20	do	Union Bank		120 -
25	do	Bank of America		112
29	do	City Bank		117 1-2
40	do	Phenix Bank		132
200	do	Chemical Bank		111
150	do	Delaware and Hudson Canal Co.		125 8-2
140	do	do	do	125 1-2
			time and interest.	
20	do	do	do	125 1-2
40	do	do	do	125 3-4
150	do	do	do	126 -

PEALE'S MUSEUM
AND GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS.
BROADWAY, OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL.

VENTRILOQUISM.—The satisfaction which the visitors of the Museum derived from the performances of the celebrated Ventriloquist, Mr. HARRINGTON, of Boston, on his visit to this city, a few weeks ago, has induced the proprietor to enter into another engagement with him, and the public are respectfully informed that he will exhibit his wonderful powers of Ventriloquism, and perform his feats of in Legerdemain every evening until further notice.

He will hold a conversation with a supposed person under the floor, and apparently bring him up into a small box, and again he will appear to pass down into the cellar to a great distance; throw his voice into various parts of the room, or into the body of any of the visitors, and will imitate the Chicken, Mocking Bird, Bumble Bee, Cat, and Killing a Pig, &c.

Among numerous other wonderful feats in Legerdemain, he will cause various objects apparently to pass through the table, plate and cloth, and produce curious changes. He will make an Egg dance a Hornpipe and creep about him; make an Egg appear and disappear at pleasure; make money pass along a ribbon form a box, although locked up. He will introduce the Collet of Mahomet, or a glove turned into a live bird; do wonders with gold rings, handkerchiefs, money, eggs, cards, cups and balls. He will suffer a loaded pistol to be fired at him, and catch the ball in his fingers: and will introduce the wonderful ribbon factory, which has astonished many Philo-ophers; he will also introduce his curious sheet of paper, which he will fold into the greatest variety of shapes imaginable, &c. &c.

This Exhibition is conducted without any confederate whatever.

THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY, supposed to be upwards of Three Thousand years old, one of the greatest curositice in the collection.

HEAD OF A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF, beautifully tattooed and embalmed, this is also a great curiosity.

The Museum occupies, for its Natural History Department and Miscellaneous Curiosities, two spacious apartments, each 100 feet in length—an extensive Gallery of Paintings, by eminent artists, including upwards of 150 Portraits of celebrated characters, a Portrait of Napoleon, by Le Fevre, &c. &c.; and a Lecture Room, in which, during the Evening, various Exhibitions take.

In the Upper Rooms is a large and splendid COSMORAMA, showing the Spanish Inquision, Belshazzar's Feast, and a great variety of Interesting Views.

Admittance 25 cents, Children under 12 years of age, half price. m18

P. O'BRIEN, Tailor, Draper and Clothier, No. 153 Centre street. m18

T. HUNT & H. ROWELL'S INCOMPARABLE MATCHLESS BLACKING, from London.

T. Hunt & H. Rowell having taken an extensive manufactory for the purpose of carrying on the Blacking business, begs most respectfully to inform the inhabitants of New York and its vicinity they can be supplied with an article *cheaper* and *better* than any in present use.

If any doubts should arise upon the above subject with any person, they are invited to call at No. 40 Canal street, where blacking and brushes are to be found to prove the above statement. Manufactured at No. 40 Canal street, near Broadway, New York.

N. B. A first rate article of Black and Red Ink also for sale. Merchants and Captains look to this advantage m4

ADELPHI HOTEL,
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY
J. CROSS.

Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

CANCER.—I, the subscriber, do hereby certify that my revered mother, Mrs Hannah Welch, aged 87, and residing in the town of Jackson, in the county of Washington, was grieviously afflicted with a cancer. In January last, she employed an eminent physician, and he pronounced it to be a rose cancer. He applied two plasters a fortnight, for four months, at which were attended with excruciating pain, and produced no good effect. In the month of May last, I called to see my mother, and found her in a dangerous situation, and knowing that Dr. P. Davison, of Albany, who resides at No. 670 S. Market st. was skilled in cancerous complaints, I advised her to come to Albany and place herself under Dr. Davison's care; and she came to my house. He applied one of his plasters for about 8 or 10 days which removed the rose cancer, and in three weeks the cure was completed. My mother stated that she had not the pain with one plaster of his first doctor than she did through all the attendance of Dr. Davison, who effected the cure in so short a time. I further state, that Jirah Baker, Esq. of Hoosick, was cured of a rose cancer at my house in 1824, and still remains well. This I publish at my own expense, in this paper, for the benefit of mankind; and hoping that editors will, from the same motive, notice it in their papers. Albany, September 1, 1830.

GEORGE W. WELCH

m11

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
TREMONT MAIL STAGES

Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.

Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.

For Seats or Extra Coaches, in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Brattle-street and Washington Coffee House, 158 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay their stage fare on board the Boats. C. B. WILDER, Agent.

N. B. It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, to connect with the Boats; *evidently designed* to give the *impression in full*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been beaten off the route—which had reinstated them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolise and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at ALL times, when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.

As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line on the route. m11

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF THE SMALL SWORD.

MR. G. JONES, Professor of Fencing, (of the American theatre, Bowery,) respectfully announces to his pupils and the public, that his Academy for instruction in the above manly and graceful science will re-open on Monday next, April 23d.

The "Graces" of Fencing most particularly attended to.

Application to be made daily, at the Theatre, from 10 A. M. to 12 at noon. ap20 6t

MEDICAL CARD.—DOCTOR GLOVER is consulted confidentially, as usual, at his office. He continues to limit his practice to a select branch of his profession, viz.—strictures, gleets, gonorrhæ, syphilis, sexual weakness, and the various complications of these diseases. His own practical experience, and the recent improvements in medicine have enabled him to introduce several important facilities in the treatment and cure of these diseases. He had discarded from his practice those nauseous mixtures that are often prescribed for the cure of gonorrhæa, etc.

Strangers are apprised that Dr. G. has received a regular professional education, and confines his practice to the treatment of this class of diseases.

His office is at No. 2 Ann-street, near Broadway, second and third door from the American Museum, where he may be consulted until 9 in the evening daily. Separate entrance and separate offices are provided.

☞ Private entrance to the office third door from the Museum.

N. B. Persons at a distance by describing their case and enclosing a fee will have the remedy suited to their case, forwarded to order. Letters must be post paid. m29

HARLEM TROTTING PARK.

THE Trotting on this Course will commence on Thursday, the 23d of May, and continue three days.

FIRST DAY—At one o'clock, 3 mile heats, in Harness; free for any Trotting Horse carrying 145 lbs.

SECOND DAY—At one o'clock, 2 mile heats, under the Saddle; free for any Trotting Horse that never trotted for a purse or match of over twenty five dollars; carrying 145 lbs.

SAME DAY—At three o'clock, 2 mile heats, under the Saddle; free for any Pacing or Racking Horse; carrying 140 lbs.

THIRD DAY—At one o'clock, 3 mile heats, under the Saddle, free for any Trotting Horse except the winning horse of the first day's purse; carrying 145 lbs.

The entries to be made at the house of John Woodruff on the Course, at 4 o

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS.

A. L. DE ROSE,
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. a12 1y

GEO. M. K UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

J. BURDELL, Dentist, 303 Broadway corner of Duane street, entrance in Duane street.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Nassau street.

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No 11 Madison street

JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets.

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILILAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer, No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

BUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's.

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York. N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock

A. R. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broadway. dec8-

BOARD.—One or two Gentlemen can be accommodated with good Board, at 229, Washington-street. f2

TO PRINTERS.—For sale cheap, a font of Long Primer, a fount of Small Pica, and a small fount of Brevier, all of which has been a little used. They would answer for a country newspaper. Enquire at No. 7 Wall st or at this office.
March 9 tf

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 70 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking in any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red Ink. Water proof Black Ball that will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also, Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware; seals, keys and rings, pins and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

CABOT, Looking Glass, Portrait and Picture Frames, No. 568 Pearl street, five doors from Broadway. Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine the patterns. Feb 16

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholesale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

JOHN MANGIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and tools for watch makers. J. M. has always on hand a complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes carefully repaired.

MR. ARNOLD, Surgeon Dentist, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, respectfully informs his friends and the public that his office is at No. 24 Vesey street, near St. Paul's church, where he performs all operations connected with his profession according to the latest and most approved principles.
Deficiencies of the Teeth supplied either with natural or mineral substances as required. Feb 2 2m

CATSUP, a very superior article, manufactured and sold at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, where the best OYSTERS and other Refreshments are served up to suit the palate of the most fastidious epicure.
Jan19 JOHN A MERRELL.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price, free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watt st. New York.

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

A SUITE of handsome unfurnished Apartments to let from the first of May next, in one of the most healthy and pleasant parts of the city. Apply at 268 East Broadway. n20

WANTED.—A Gardner who has been 20 years in the business, which he has a thorough knowledge of, in all its branches, wishes a situation in any part of the Union—he can give the most satisfactory references for good character and capability. Address C. B. (post paid) Museum House, corner Broadway and Anthony streets, next door to the Finish Hotel. Feb2

GEORGE DEARBORN, 71 John street, corner of Gold, has this day published a *New Edition of Dr. Johnson's Works*, with an Essay on his Life and Genius, by Arthur Murphy, Esq. in two octavo volumes—being the first complete edition published in this country. It contains twenty-seven publications of Dr. Johnson, not included in any previous American edition—is handsomely printed and bound, and sold at a low price, and may be had of the Booksellers generally. nov 1

JOSEPH C. HART, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery; Clinton Hall, No. 127 Nassau-st, New York. *Reference* to the editors of this paper is offered those who may favor him with their business from abroad. tf

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by
JACOB SOUTHART,

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery.

Popular Houses.

NIBLO'S HOTEL.
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transcient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.

The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL in Petersburg, Virginia, and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH.
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalelled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments, they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.

Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from Sun rise until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.

The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to render this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings,* Per week. $2,00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

REMOVAL.

L. CRUTTENDEN, of Albany,
HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his *old* acquaintances as well as his *new friends*
N. B. The reasons for the above transaction, (and "they are as plenty as blackberries,") shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication; although many of them lie half-way over for the *private ear* of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give hereafter, a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent articles that he shall have in the house and on the table; the very superior treatment his guests shall receive &c. He will even enumerate the number of dishes that will be on the table, as well as a number of other, ridiculous things that cannot be mentioned at this time.
june 13 1y Eagle Tavern, Albany,
South Market-st., corner of Hamilton.

CONGRESS HALL.
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regular attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

LINE OF OMNIBUSES

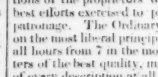
ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the punctuality of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.

N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and furthermore, that he has received as cash, Tickets purchased and of course a dead loss. He trusts therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
New York, January 26, 1833. Jan 26

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS,
To intersect the New Haven Steam-boats.

STAGES will leave Wilder's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats of stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M.; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherborne, Hollistone, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $3—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.
dec 29 J. BROOKS, Agent.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY
FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.



This splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

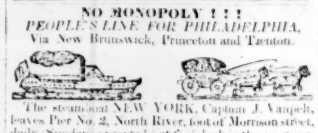
For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad street, or to the Captain on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street. mch 23

BOOTS AND SHOES POLISHED AND REPAIRED in the best style at No. 88 Nassau st. in the basement, by
nov10 GRIFFIN & THOMAS.

TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.
BUCK'S CHEMISTRY, price $1 50, Emmons' Mineralogy, price $1 50; Buck's Medical Jurisprudence, price $5; Maygrier's Anatomy, price $2—just received and for sale by
SWORDS, STANFORD & CO.
No17 152 Broadway.

Stages and Steamboats.

NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA,
Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.



The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morrison street, daily Sundays excepted, at 6 o'clock in the morning, for New Brunswick, where passengers will take Reeside's splendid Troy-built Coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt. L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon. Fare through $3.

Passage to and from New Brunswick and Amboy, 37 1-2 cts. Breakfasts 37 1-2 cts.

The proprietors of the People's Line rely on the generous public, in sustaining them against a mammoth monopoly, whose wish and interest it is to put down all competition, to enable them to charge the highest prices they can; which they will do if there is no rival line to oppose them. A fair and honorable competition, with a chance of conveyance, is always an advantage to the public.

For Seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington street, opposite the Wharf, or on board the boat.

All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.

For the accommodation of travellers and safety of their baggage, the same coaches run through from boat to boat, without the inconvenience of changing on the road.

N. B. Passengers who take this line avoid the great danger and inconvenience which they are subjected to in travelling on crooked Rail Roads, so often experienced in consequence of the cars getting off the tracks at the curves and turnouts, and thereby liable to upset.

Easton Stage leaves New Brunswick daily on the arrival of the Steamboat, and arrives the same evening.

WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, 5or
J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.

NEW-HAVEN & HARTFORD
STEAMBOAT LINE.

Daily; Sundays excepted. Passage from New-York to Hartford, including stage fare, $3. To New-Haven, $2.

The steamboat SUPERIOR Capt. Sanford, and the new steamboat SPLENDID, Capt. Bucher, will on Tuesday the 28th inst. commence a daily line and run as follows — From the steamboat place, foot of Beekman-street, The Superior will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock. The Splendid, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at the same hour. Returning will leave New-Haven on the alternate day at 12 o'clock, noon.

The Superior is well known to the travelling public, and needs no commendation; no pains nor expense have been spared in the construction of the Splendid to render her in every respect a first rate boat. It is expected she will equal the Superior in speed and in other respects it is hoped she will be thought worthy of her name. The Captain and Agent will not be wanting in their exertions to promote the comfort and safety of passengers.

Excellent Post Coaches and horses are always ready on arrival of the boat at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence, and Boston. n30

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.

The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Haven, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SANTON & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 283 Pearl st.
Jan 19

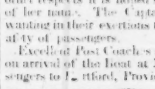
CITIZEN'S LINE.
BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.

STAGES leave Boston for Providence, to intersect with the Steam Boats for New York, every morning, at 5 o'clock. Stages also leave Boston for Providence at 11 1-2 o'clock, A. M., every day, Sundays excepted, and on that day at 5 o'clock, A. M. The above line of Stages carry all passengers that enter their names to go at either of the above named hours. Extra Stages can always be had at the shortest notice.

For seats, apply in Providence, at the Franklin House, Roger Williams's Hotel, and the Manufacturer's Hotel. In Boston, at the Tremont House, Marlboro' Hotel, Manson House, Exchange Coffee House, Commercial Coffee House, Franklin Hotel, and Howard Street House.

T. P. BROWN, Boston,
JOEL BLAISDELL, Providence,
apr 19 eply *Agents.*

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.



THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of Newark, *Chatham, Morristown, Succasunny Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta,* for *Milford.* On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Deckertown to Milford.* Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose,* to *Oswego,* and thence through *Ithaca* to *Geneva,* daily.

Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, an intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newtown, Bath, Owen Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY,
SEARL & HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 1y *Proprietors.*

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.

LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK
Daily Line of Stages leave Lowell Daily Stages excepted at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in New York the 3d day.—Returning, leave Worcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 4 P. M. Sundays excepted.

LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO' AND ALBANY
Daily Mail Stages leave Lowell daily Sundays excepted at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Baker & Walbridge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sundays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of Saturdays. Passengers that leave Lowell of Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Mondays, at Lowell and Albany. This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Exeter, Portland and Augusta.

LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 2d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell.

Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can leave tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.

THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march1 *Lowell.*

NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES

FROM Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass. to run in a Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsford, Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belchertown, Granby, Chicopee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 8 o'clock P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.

RETURNING,
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.

Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March 2 N. B. MOSELY, *Agent*

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.
From the foot of Fulton street, E. R.
ARRANGEMENT FOR MARCH, 1833

The new and splendid low pressure Steam Boats BOSTON, Capt. William Comstock, and PROVIDENCE, Capt. Seth Thayer, will leave New York and Providence on the following days —

The BOSTON will leave New York at 4 o'clock P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

FROM NEW YORK.		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday, March	2	On Tuesday, March	5
Thursday "	7	Saturday "	9
Tuesday "	12	Thursday "	14
Saturday "	16	Tuesday "	19
Thursday "	21	Saturday "	23
Tuesday "	26	Thursday "	28
Saturday "	30		

The PROVIDENCE will leave New York at 4 P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

FROM NEW YORK		*FROM PROVIDENCE.*	
On Saturday March	9	On Thursday March	7
Thursday "	14	Tuesday "	12
Tuesday "	19	Saturday "	16
Saturday "	23	Thursday "	21
Thursday "	28	Tuesday "	26
		Saturday "	30

The splendid boats have each two heavy copper boilers and are propelled by low pressure engines. For further particulars apply to the masters on board, or RICHARD S. WILLIAMS & CO. corner of Fulton and South streets. March 9

STAGE OFFICE.
Earls, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.

NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.

Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 24 day, Hartford and New Haven.

Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.

Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.

Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woodstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 2 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 24 day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.

Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northborough, and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.

Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Smithfield, Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 2 o'clock, A. M.

Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro, Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Elm Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

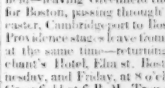
LOWELL AND BOSTON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St. Boston.

COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted,) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agent*

PHENIX LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.

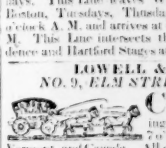
LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hall, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Chatchmans to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridge port to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M. Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M.
J. S. KEELER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston,
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND BOSTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.



LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 A. M. seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and at Gould & Reab's, 336 North Market street, and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. Seats taken at Huddleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall, and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

LOWELL & BOSTON.
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.



COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) a 7 o'clock, for Newhampshire Vermont, and Canada. All the various towns and villages through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 27. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.

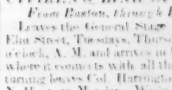
THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves *Jersey City,* on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bottle-Hill, Morristown, Meadham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c.* At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Mauch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, &c.* For seats, apply to John Patten, 73, Courtlandt Street, New-York; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

MERCHANT'S LINE.

TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE
Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Commerce Slip, corner of Water-st. New York. Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Baker & Holt, Buffalo; Peck, Hatsel, Erie, Pa.; W. Dahmant & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelly & Walworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Hollister & Co. Sandusky City O. Cawthorn & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Gazzam & Co. Cincinnati, O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors.*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WILDER'S, No. 11 ELM STREET,
BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.



THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stage on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wilder's, No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 2 P. M. Where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.

Leaves the General Stage Office, Wilder's, No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 2 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wilder's, No. 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1 eply

New Inventions.

RODGER'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO. are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on account of extensive sales, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine,* and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skillful Engineers at the United States Arsenals at Gainesville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all the principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other machine, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.

ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD.*—The Subscriber takes this method to inform his friends and the public, that he has received numerous orders for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previously attempted to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself. With the ease, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids, and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire, to boarding-house keepers, to masters of vessels, to the owners of counting-rooms, &c. they are peculiarly invaluable. The extraordinary demand for the Patent Sofa Bedstead is the best criterion of its utility. Upwards of seven Hundred of them have been manufactured by the Patentee within a short period, their value at the first estimate, being sixty Thousand Dollars. These Bedsteads are adapted to any climate, and may be transported at a trifling expense. The Proprietor warrants the Sofa Bedstead to fully answer the description which has been given of its merits; and, from his long experience in this particular line of business, all attempts at imitation on the part of Pretenders, may be regarded as impositions, and, as such, ought to be guarded against by the community.

N. B. The Patentee now offers for Sale, Patent Rights to applicants in any part of this United States. The Subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory